

INTÉGRALE
1952-1953

THE STRANGE WORLD OF

YOUR DREAMS

A PRIZE
PUBLICATION

23
RÊVES

What do they mean--
the messages received
in sleep?



"I dreamed I had died, and an old man
with the face of a prophet was taking
me across The River Styx!"

BIBLIOTHECA VIRTUALIS

En ce début des années 50 l'horreur est à la mode. Au moins dans le monde des comics. Celui-ci regorge de maisons secondaires voire très secondaires. Jamais sans doute le monde de l'édition comics n'a connu autant de groupes différents. Si Dell et DC dominent d'assez loin, Atlas (le futur Marvel), Archie et Charlton Comics se portent plutôt bien. Derrière c'est un peu plus compliqué. American Comic Group tient sa place et son rang mais d'autres affichent davantage de fragilités telles Ace, Avon (on ne parle que de la branche comics), Fiction House, Fawcett, etc.

Prize fait partie de ces petites maisons, mais petites ne veut pas nécessairement dire de piètre qualité. Prize a ceci de particulier qu'elle sous-traite en totalité ou en grande partie sa production. C'est le studio de Simon/Kirby qui leur livre clés en main. Les deux hommes travaillent ensemble depuis 1940. Ils ont créé Captain America qu'ils ont proposé à Timely Comics, le futur Atlas Comics futur Marvel. En 1943 les deux hommes sont appelés sous les drapeaux. Kirby fera une guerre courageuse participant très directement à la libération de Metz¹.

Démobilisés ils se retrouvent et reprennent leur studio. Prize sera l'un de leurs clients. Pour cette maison ils conçoivent Young Romance qui va lancer la mode des comics sentimentaux puisque le million d'exemplaires pour ce titre seul sera rapidement atteint.

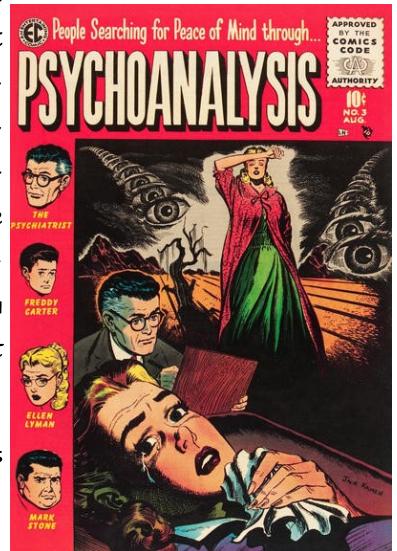
Pour ce même groupe ils créent Black Magic, une revue d'horreur de qualité fort correcte. Dans leur écurie, ils ont quelques dessinateurs de valeur comme Mort Meskin, Bill Draut, George Roussos, Bruno Premiani, Leonard Starr,...

En 1952 ils ont une double bonne idée : concevoir des histoires basées sur les rêves, faire du héros un psychanalyste. Ils ont déjà touché du doigt ces thèmes notamment dans *The Scorn of the Faceless People* paru dans le # de Black Magic (décembre 1950). Les rêves ont ceci de particulier qu'ils sont rattachées à notre monde mais avec une logique propre, pour ne pas dire parfois délirante. En trouver la signification peut justement être le travail d'un psychanalyste.

Cela tombe bien le métier devient à la mode. Les revues en parlent. L'approche correspond bien à la mentalité américaine. Face à un problème il y a fatalement une solution. C'est avec cette approche et pour rationaliser la rotation des cargos militaires vers l'Angleterre qu'est née l'économétrie. Alors va pour la psychanalyse qui saura soigner les maux de l'âme. L'autre avantage du psychanalyste dans les histoires à connotation fantastique est qu'il devient une sorte de *psychic sleuth*. C'est un genre qui date de la fin du XIX^e dans le monde anglo-saxon, qui a fait florès et qui a toujours à l'époque, et aujourd'hui encore, son public. En matière de comics il existe déjà chez DC le Dr Thirteen The Ghost Breaker et un peu plus tard Rex Lane.

Bref, l'idée semble bonne. Elle le semble tellement qu'EC reprendra l'idée, sans le fantastique, dans *Pyschonanalysis* publié en 1955.

Mais dans l'un et l'autre cas, les revues feront un flop, s'arrêtant toutes deux au numéro 4 !



¹ Voir à ce sujet https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hhFQzOdTHIk&ab_channel=MoselleTV Jack Kirby est mentionné après 6minutes

Le personnage récurrent sera Richard Temple, faut-il y voir une allusion à Simon Templar très en vogue à l'époque ? En fait un personnage assez similaire à Richard était déjà apparu dès le #1 de *Black Magic* (juin 1951) dans *Sleep, Perchance to Die*.

Il importe de souligner qu'au début des années 50 l'imposante majorité des psychanalystes étaient également des psychiatres d'où cette impression de double casquette qu'on peut lire dans certaines histoires.

L'autre innovation est de faire appel aux lecteurs pour qu'ils envoient leurs propres rêves, chaque rêve retenu étant acheté 25 \$ ce qui correspond grossièrement à 250\$ en 2020.

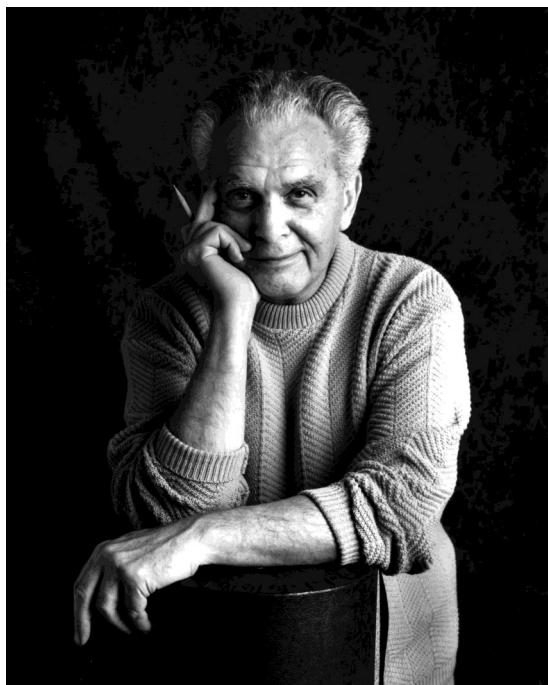
Difficile de croire compte tenu de la brièveté de la revue que beaucoup de lettres de lecteurs aient été mises en images. Néanmoins Richard Temple expliquait en 2 planches la signification des rêves publiés. Que cette explication soit fondée ou bidonnée je n'en ai aucune idée.

Le personnage phare apparaît dans 14 des 23 BD de la revue. À trois exceptions près les autres histoires impliquent également des rêves, souvent avec un caractère prémonitoire plus ou moins marqué. Mais finalement il n'est pas si simple de faire de bonnes histoires sur ce sujet. La qualité des histoires de cette revue n'est pas stable mais il vrai qu'il est rare qu'un magazine ne publie que des chefs d'œuvre. On remarque toutefois dans les derniers numéros l'apparition de pages astrologiques d'une niaiserie confondante.

L'idée de départ était excellente et a permis de livrer quelques jolies perles dans un ensemble assez disparate. Comme quoi il n'est pas si facile de trouver de bonnes histoires avec les rêves pour sujets.

Bienvenue dans ces cauchemars !

Garches, le 30 octobre 2020



Jack Kirby (1917-1994)

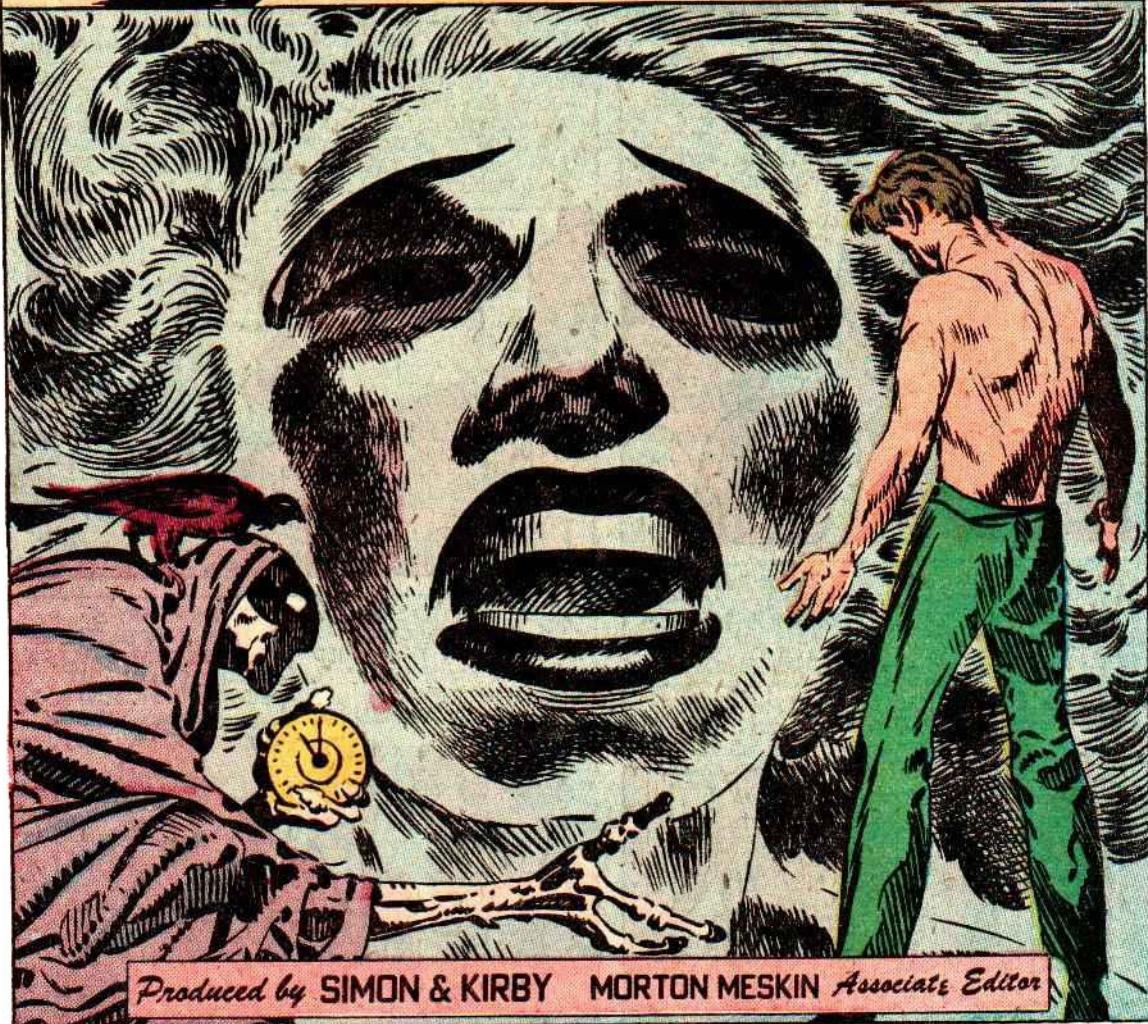


Joe Simon (1913-2011)

People will be affected by dreams in many ways.. Some will act on them and make important decisions. Others will see them as mystic symbols and gamble on their meaning!

This is the strange story of one such man--a desperate man-- who gambled a human life on a pleading voice in his sleep-- a tormented man, who said --

I TALKED WITH MY DEAD WIFE!



Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

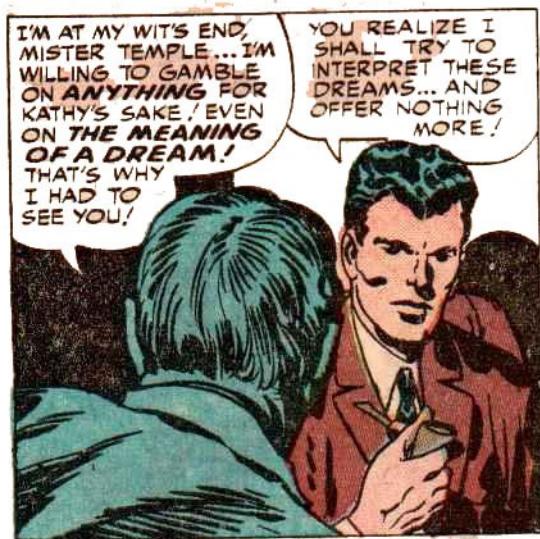
CAN THE MEANING OF A DREAM DECIDE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH? THE CASE OF WALTER STEWART MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION! HIS CALL WAS RECEIVED BY GAY FRANCIS, SECRETARY TO RICHARD TEMPLE ON AUGUST 7, 1950.. FATIGUE AND PANIC WAS STRIKINGLY EVIDENT IN THE CALLER'S URGENT TONE ...



THE ADDRESS WAS A TWO STORY WALK-UP ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN - A FIFTEEN MINUTE DRIVE FROM RICHARD TEMPLE'S OFFICE! EACH HOUSE ON THE STREET PRESSED CLOSE AGAINST ITS NEIGHBOR AND, EVERY WINDOW GAPED IMPASSIVELY IN A LINE OF UNBROKEN UNIFORMITY... BEHIND ONE OF THEM, A MAN WAS UNDERGOING A TERRIBLE ORDEAL ...



2



PERHAPS I AM! MY WIFE'S VOICE IS STILL AS CLEAR TO ME NOW AS IT WAS IN THOSE DREAMS! ONE WOULD HARDLY BELIEVE SHE'S BEEN IN HER GRAVE THESE PAST TWO YEARS!

ABOUT THE FIRST DREAM ... PLEASE GO ON...



LITTLE KATHY HAD BEEN ILL A WEEK WHEN WALTER STEWART EXPERIENCED THE FIRST OF HIS DISTURBING DREAMS. HIS CONSTANT VIGIL AT KATHY'S BEDSIDE HAD BEGUN TO SAP HIS STRENGTH! AND HE WENT TO BED, A VERY EXHAUSTED MAN! THE DREAM SIMPLY STARTED WHEN HIS DEAD WIFE SPOKE TO HIM!

THAT'S KATHY! I HEAR HER NOW! WHY DON'T YOU CURE HER!

I WANT TO! BUT, I'M RUNNING A HIGH FEVER!



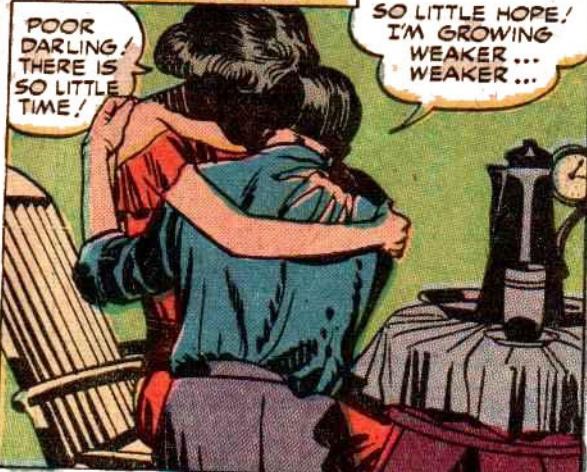
THE SURROUNDINGS WERE BARE OF ANY FURNISHINGS...EXCEPT FOR THE ONE CHAIR UPON WHICH SHE SAT! THERE WAS A SHADOW AND IT HID HER FACE FROM VIEW!

I CAN'T BEAR IT, WALTER! WE NEED DOCTORS!

THAT WON'T DO! KATHY'S GOING TO DIE! I'M AFRAID SHE'LL DIE!



AT NO TIME DURING THIS STRANGE AND VIVID DREAM - MEETING WITH HIS WIFE, DID STEWART FEEL OR MENTION THAT SHE HAD DIED...HE ACCEPTED HER PRESENCE IN THE NORMAL MANNER OF THE RELATIONSHIP THEY HAD SHARED WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE...



STEWART'S VOICE REACHED A STRAINED PITCH AND HE ENDED THE NARRATION OF HIS DREAM!

I WOKE UP THEN! I FELT MORE TIRED THAN EVER!

ONE QUESTION; DOES THAT NAME, JAY VILLER, MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?



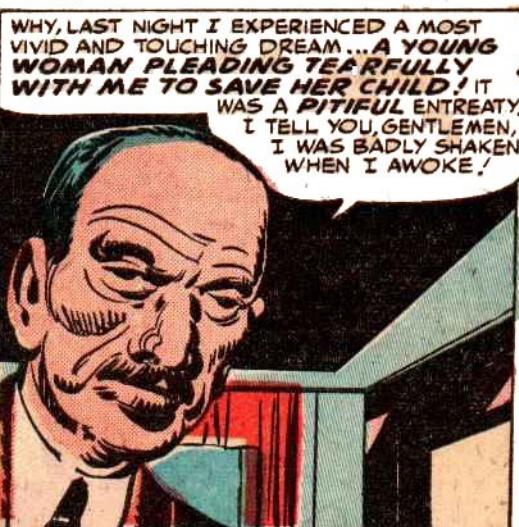
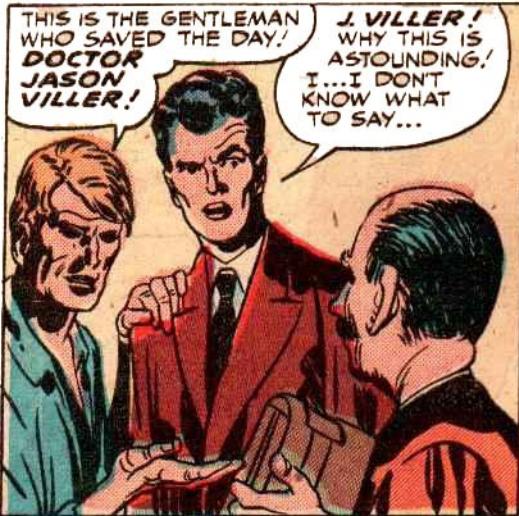


RICHARD TEMPLE WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY THE PLIGHT OF THIS FATHER WHO WAS REACHING BEYOND THE LIMITS OF REASON FOR HIS CHILD. TEMPLE STAYED LATE AT THE OFFICE THAT DAY. THE ANALYSIS WAS ALMOST DONE WHEN THE PHONE RANG... THE CALLER WAS WALTER STEWART!

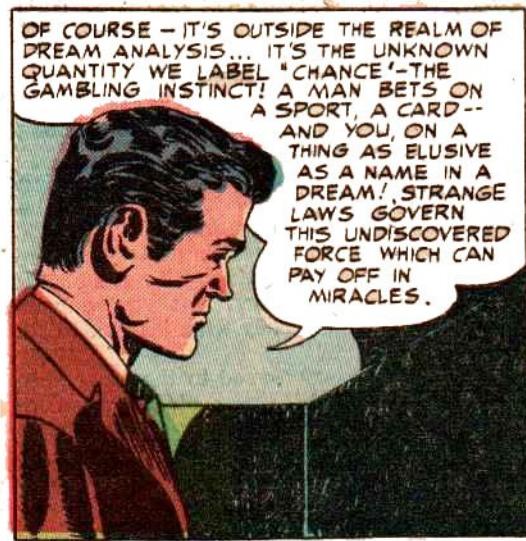


I'VE JUST ABOUT COMPLETED YOUR DREAM ANALYSIS, STEWART! HOW'S KATHY?

STEWART'S VOICE WAS JUBILANT! KATHY HAD PASSED HER CRISIS... RICHARD TEMPLE WAS HAPPY FOR WALTER STEWART... AND STILL A BIT CURIOUS AS TO HOW THIS VICTORY OVER CERTAIN TRAGEDY HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED... TEMPLE READILY YIELDED TO WALTER STEWART'S INSISTENCE THAT THE DREAM EXPERT CALL ONCE MORE AT HIS HOME...



AND THEN, MISTER STEWART'S CALL TODAY! A MAN WHO LIVES ENTIRELY OUT OF MY DISTRICT.. WHO HAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OF ME. CALLS ME IN ON THIS CASE!



You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

THE YOUNG LADY WHO WROTE THIS LETTER, EVIDENTLY TAKES HER MOVIES QUITE SERIOUSLY! HOWEVER, HER ENTHUSIASM FOR THE HOLLYWOOD FLICKERS IS NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP HER AWAKE THROUGH ALL OF THE COUNTLESS MOVIES SHE ATTENDS! AND WHEN SHE SLEEPS--SHE DREAMS!

ALMOST WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE DREAM STARTS IN THE SAME MANNER. WE SHALL ASSUME THAT YOU ARE THE DREAMER.. YOU ARE IN A MOVIE HOUSE. THE FEATURE HAS ENDED AND YOU ARE LEAVING.



JUST AN ORDINARY MOVIE HOUSE AND AN ORDINARY DOOR. BUT AS YOU STEP THROUGH THE DOOR, YOU MAKE A DISCOVERY.

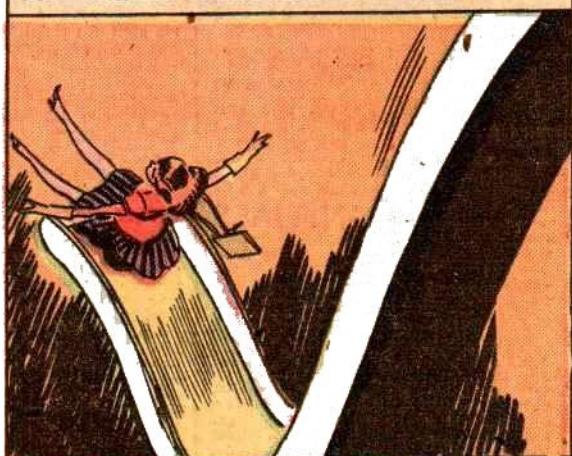
AN ELEVATOR! I'M IN AN ELEVATOR!



SUDDENLY THE CAR LURCHES, GATHERS SPEED! IT SHOOTS UPWARD TO A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT! FEAR CLUTCHES YOUR THROAT, BUT IT IS NOTHING TO THE FEAR WHICH FOLLOWS WHEN THE CAR DROPS, SICKENINGLY!



YOU WAIT FOR THE CRASH, MUSCLES TENSE! NERVES SCREAM WITH HORRIBLE ANTICIPATION! BUT--THE CRASH NEVER COMES! INSTEAD...



DOWN! UNTIL SIGHT AND SOUND BECOME AS ONE! UNTIL YOU ARE DRAINED, EMPTIED OF EMOTION, AGAIN YOU WAIT FOR THE CRASH AND INSTEAD...!



THE SUBCONSCIOUS IS A VAST, UNEXPLORED REGION. BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN. THE CYCLE IS ENDED IN THE BREATH OF A SECOND AND REALITY RETURNS!

MOVING PICTURES ARE A TICKET OF ADMISSION TO OTHER WORLDS. TO EMOTIONAL HEIGHTS AND DEPTH WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL RARELY REACHES IN TRUE LIFE. THE ELEVATOR IN THIS DREAM IS A SYMBOL OF HEIGHTS--THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE, A SYMBOL OF THE DEPTHS!



IN THE DREAM WORLD, THE ELEVATOR LIFTS US EASILY AND QUICKLY--AND THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE DROPS US JUST AS EASILY. JUST AS OUR EMOTIONS ARE RAISED AND DEPRESSED--BY THE MOVIES. WOULDN'T IT BE BEST TO ACCEPT THE WORLD OF REALITY RATHER THAN THE SHADOW WORLD WHICH EXIST ONLY IN THE MOVIES? IT'S REALLY A LOT LESS BUMPY IN THE LONG RUN.



WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS!

The world of your dreams is a strange and fantastic place where the unpredictable is the normal..

WHERE THE FAMILIAR BECOMES THE GROTESQUE!-- WHERE HATE BURNS LIKE THE FIRE OF HADES AND LOVE IS AN EMOTION THAT SWEEPS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SOUL! IT'S A BIZARRE, OUTLANDISH WORLD WHICH WE SHARE WITH THE NIGHT!

RICHARD TEMPLE, student of dreams and fantasy, is a man who has delved into the mystery of this vast, subconscious jigsaw puzzle which affects even our waking hours--he fits the pieces together..

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN HIM ON HIS MANY EXPEDITIONS INTO UNREALITY--TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR DREAM--

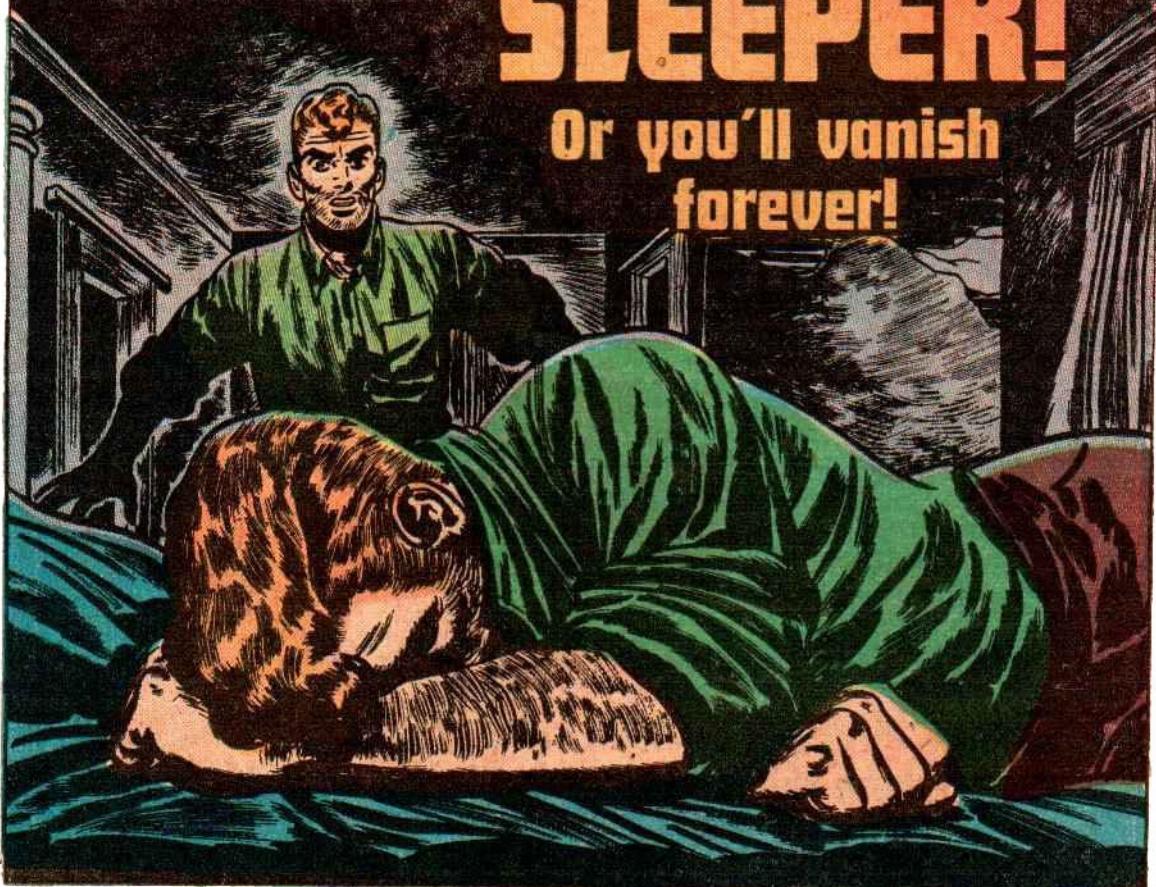
-- YOU WILL RECEIVE \$25.

IF YOUR DREAM IS CHOSEN FOR DRAMATIZATION!

WRITE TO: RICHARD TEMPLE
1790 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.
(NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED)

DON'T WAKE THE SLEEPER!

Or you'll vanish
forever!



SAM WINSLOW
WAS ON THE
BUM. THINGS
HAD TAKEN A
TURN FOR THE
WORSE WITH
HIM IN THE EAST.
AND NOW HE WAS
HEADING FOR
CALIFORNIA. HE'D
MANAGED TO
STEAL OVER THE
TAIL GATE OF A
TRUCK LEAVING
SIOUX CITY. IT
WASN'T A
COMFORTABLE
JOURNEY. THE
ROAD WAS
MADE OF BUMPS,
AND SAM
FELT EVERY
ONE OF THEM!



IT WAS A REAL, BIG BUMP THAT GOT SAM!
THE TRUCK LEAPED OFF THE GROUND AT A
CRAZY ANGLE AND CAME DOWN HARD! WHEN IT
CLATTERED ON ITS WAY--SAM WAS NOT IN IT!



SAM HAD ONLY A VAGUE NOTION OF WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT. HE REMEMBERED PICKING HIMSELF UP OUT OF THE DITCH AND WANDERING BLINDLY DOWN THE ROAD UNTIL HE SAW THE DARK SILHOUETTE OF A HOUSE... SAM USED HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH TO REACH THE DOOR. THEN SOMETHING SMACKED THE LID DOWN ON HIS CONSCIOUSNESS!



THE SUN WAS DAZZLING BRIGHT! AND, IT HURT HIS EYES! SAM WAS AWAKE! HE RESTED IN A FRESHLY MADE BED OF CLEAN, WHITE SHEETS! HIS MIND BEGAN ADJUSTING ITSELF TO THE SURROUNDINGS... ABSORBING EACH NEW WONDER...



HE REALIZED IT WASN'T INJURY OR FATIGUE.. BUT, SHEER CONTENTMENT THAT KEPT HIM IN BED! SAM FINALLY AROSE AND LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM! IT HAD AN AIR OF CHEERFULNESS AND COMFORT! A COOL BREEZE DRIFTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW... BRINGING HIM THE GENTLE CRIES OF BIRDS IN THE MORNING SKY!

A MAN COULDN'T HELP BUT RESPOND TO SUCH A MORNING! THOUGH HE LOOKED LIKE A HOBO, SAM DIDN'T FEEL LIKE ONE! HE HAD GLADNESS INSIDE HIM! HE SOUGHT THE OWNERS OF THIS FINE HOUSE... TO THANK THEM FOR THEIR KINDNESS TO HIM...

HIS WORDS ECHOED THROUGH THE SILENT ROOMS. BUT, THERE WAS NO ANSWER... SAM MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE FIRST FLOOR, BUT NO ONE CAME FORWARD TO GREET HIM! HE PEERED OUT THE WINDOW AND THE SIGHT OF THE CULTIVATED COUNTRY-SIDE STRETCHED BEFORE HIM ONLY ADDED TO HIS CONVICTION THAT SOMEONE MUST BE ABOUT/



THIS IS THE SORT OF PLACE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT! COOL, COMFORTABLE... A PERFECT DWELLING PLACE FOR A WEARY SOUL LIKE MINE! SURELY, SOMEONE MUST LIVE HERE!



HE INSPECTED THE UPSTAIRS ROOMS WITH NO BETTER RESULT THAN HE HAD MET BEFORE! THEY WERE ALL DEVOID OF HUMAN PRESENCE! AND, THEN HE SAW IT... A CLOSED DOOR THAT HE HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE! FOR SOME REASON, SAM WAS GRIPPED BY A STRANGE FEAR WHEN HE REACHED FOR THE DOOR KNOB!





SAM WHIRLED AROUND TO FACE THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAD EVER
SEEN! HE GAZED AT HER, HYPNOTIZED
BY HER SHEER RADIANCE! WHEN SHE
SPOKE, IT WAS LIKE SOME ETHERAL
LYRE PLAYING MUSIC NEVER BEFORE
HEARD BY MORTAL MAN ...



THE TOUCH OF HER HAND COULD CHANGE
ANY MAN'S MIND... SAM FOLLOWED THE GIRL!



NANCY... I ONCE KNEW A GIRL NAMED OH,
NANCY! A LONG TIME AGO! YOU'RE BUT I'M
ALMOST A DEAD RINGER FOR HER! BOUND
TO BE ...



SAM WAS TOO
ABSORBED IN
THE GIRL'S
STRIKING BEAUTY
TO ANALYZE
THE REPLY. BUT,
IT SOMEHOW
REMAINED IN
A CORNER OF
HIS MIND! IT
WAS AN ODD
ANSWER! IN
FACT THIS
WHOLE SETUP
SEEMED
POSSESSED OF
DARK PASSAGES
THROUGH
WHICH WEIRD
CURRENTS
FLOWED! THE
PLACE WAS
PERFECTION...
ALMOST TOO
PERFECT
TO BE
REAL!

GOSH, THIS IS A
WONDERFUL PLACE
YOU HAVE HERE!
THAT MAN! I...
I DIDN'T SEE
HIM APPROACH...
IS HE YOUR
DAD?



I NEVER
SAW HIM
BEFORE!
BUT I
SUPPOSE
HE BELONGS
HERE... AS
YOU AND I!

ANY SENSE...

I DON'T MEAN
TO OFFEND
YOU... BUT YOU
DON'T MAKE
ANY SENSE...

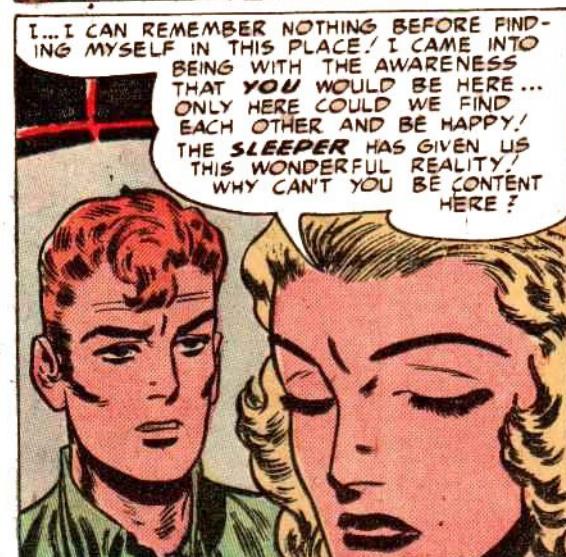
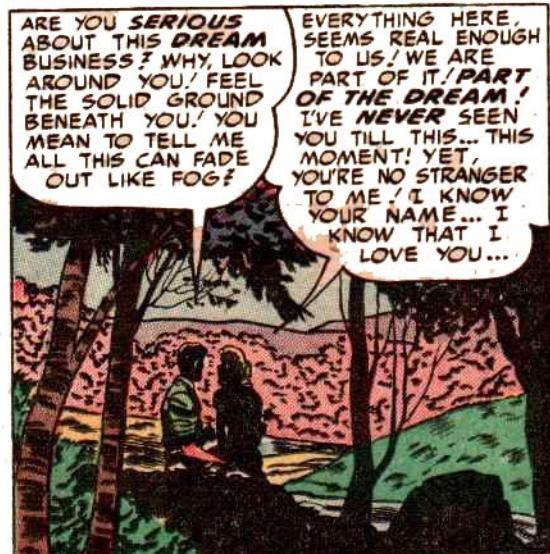
DON'T YOU SEE? EVERY-
THING ABOUT US HAS BEEN
CREATED BY THE MAN
WHO'S ASLEEP! YOU AND
I... THAT MAN WE JUST
SAW... WE'RE ALL PART
OF THE SLEEPER'S
DREAM! IF HE AWAKENS..
WELL, WE'LL SIMPLY
VANISH!



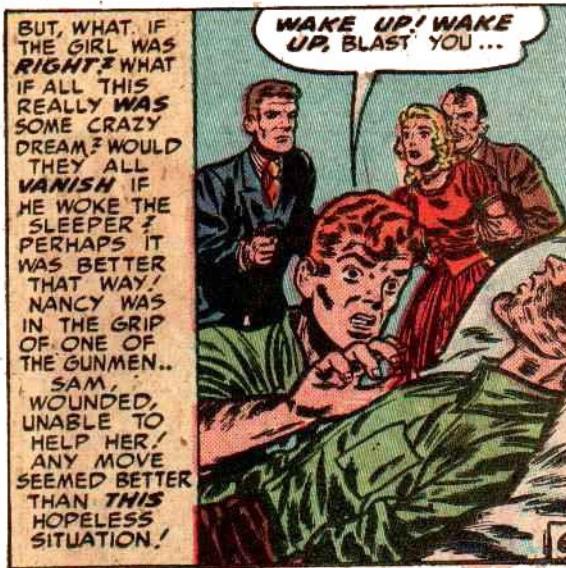
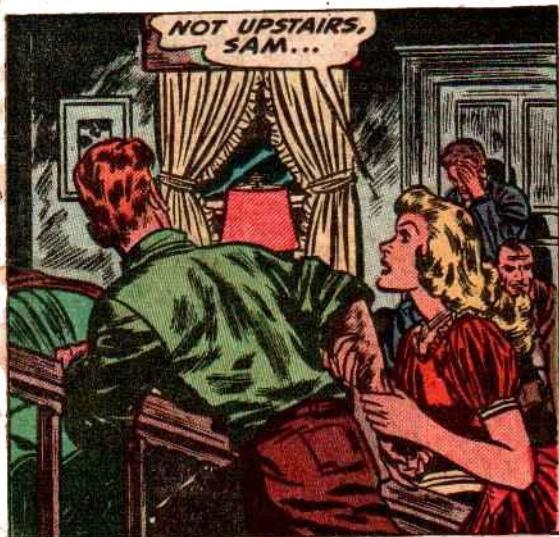
3



THE KISS WAS REAL ENOUGH! SAM'S
VERY BEING SHOOK TO THE THRILL
OF IT! WHAT SORT OF NONSENSE WAS
THIS GIRL FEEDING HIM? THIS GIRL
WHO WAS WARM AND ALIVE IN HIS ARMS!

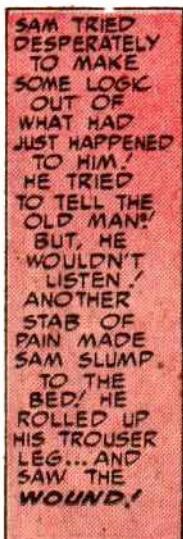






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NANCY'S SCREAMS STILL RANG IN HIS BRAIN... EVEN IN THE DARKNESS IN WHICH HE DRIFTED-- THE DARKNESS WHICH HAD AN EVIL, WHITE EYE!



IT WAS NO USE PLEADING! SAM PICKED HIMSELF UP AND PAINFULLY STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS! PERHAPS IT WAS A DREAM! PERHAPS, THIS WAS JUST ABOUT HE HAD GOTTEN WHEN HE FELL OFF THE TRUCK! OF COURSE!... THAT'S ALL IT WAS!



SAM WENT LIMPING INTO THE RISING DAWN... HIS THOUGHTS BEATING MADLY AT THAT WHICH COULDN'T BE EXPLAINED! IN HIS HAND HE HELD A CRUSHED VIOLET GIVEN TO HIM BY A GIRL WHO ONLY EXISTED IN A DREAM! WAS IT ALL A DREAM? SAM WOULD NEVER KNOW! BUT THERE WAS ONE THING SAM WAS CERTAIN OF... THE IDENTITY OF THE SLEEPER!



ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

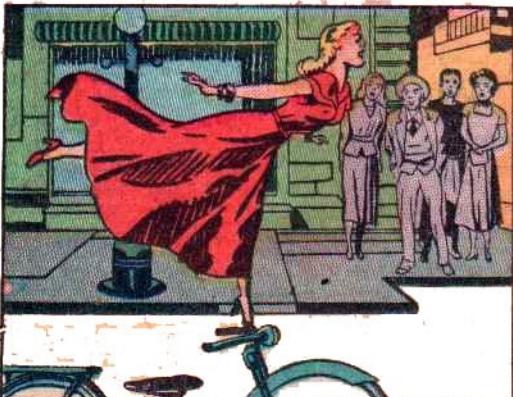
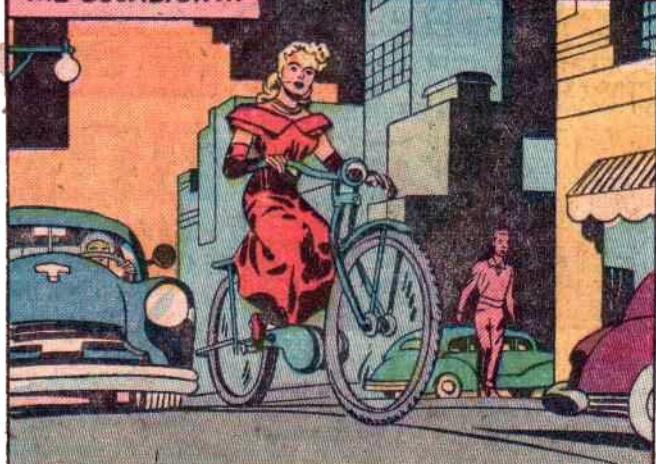
SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*



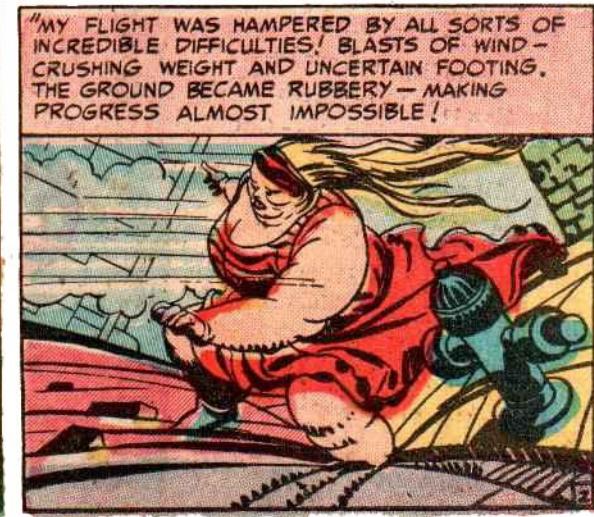
"MISTER TEMPLE: MY NAME IS JULIE PENDLETON, AGE 18. I'VE ENCLOSED A SNAPSHOT OF MYSELF TO SHOW YOU THAT I HAVE NO NEED OF BEING ASHAMED OF MY APPEARANCE. IF ANYTHING, MOST PEOPLE CONSIDER ME ATTRACTIVE AND A VERY POPULAR GIRL, YET IN MY DREAM I FOUND MYSELF AN OBJECT OF RIDICULE!"

"THE DREAM OCCURRED DURING AN AFTERNOON NAP ON A SUNDAY IN JULY... SO VIVID WERE MY IMPRESSIONS THAT THEY STILL RISE UP TO DISTURB ME TILL THIS DAY. IN MY DREAM, I RODE A BICYCLE ALONG A BUSY STREET, AND I WORE A FORMAL GOWN, WHICH IN MY DREAM, SEEMED TO ME AS ACCEPTABLE ATTIRE FOR THE OCCASION..."



"THE EXPERIENCE WAS NOT EMBARRASSING. IN FACT, I FELT SO EXHILARATED, I PERFORMED AMAZING ACROBATICS ON THE BICYCLE. PEOPLE WERE GATHERING, AND I PLAYED TO THEIR ADMIRING GLANCES!"





"MY EMOTIONS RAN WILD THEN. IT WAS TERRIBLY FRIGHTENING. AND I AWOKE! THAT WAS MY DREAM, MISTER TEMPLE. SINCE I AM PRETTY AND POPULAR, THERE'S NO REASON FOR ME TO HAVE SUCH A DREAM -- OR IS THERE?"



THERE IS A PURPOSE FOR ALL DREAMS, JULIE. IN YOUR CASE, IT MERELY WORKED OFF ACCUMULATED EMOTIONS -- SO THAT YOU COULD START THE NEW DAY FRESHER!

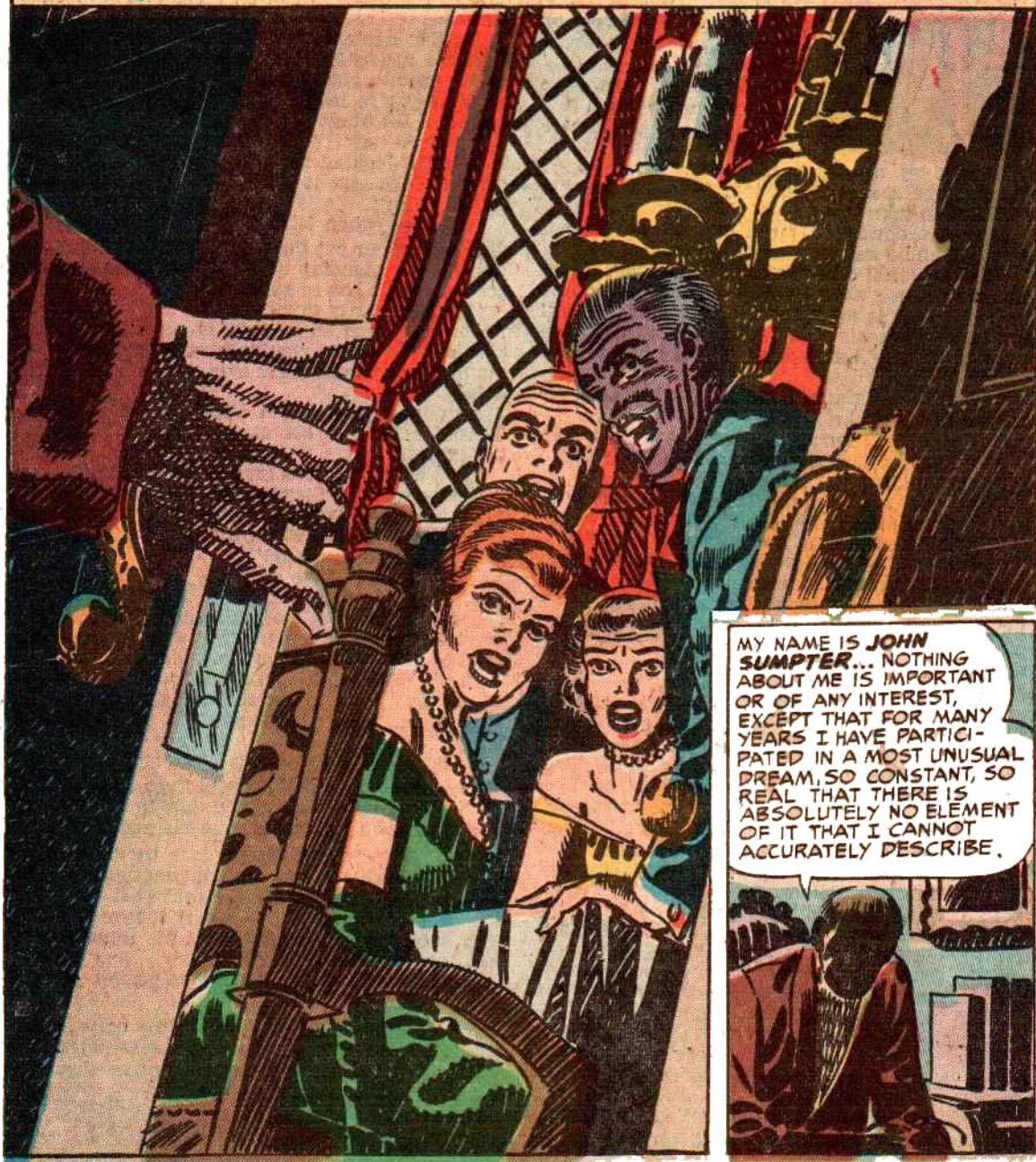


YOUR LETTER AND THE DREAM ITSELF OBVIOUSLY INDICATE AN INJURED VANITY. SOMEONE, PERHAPS "ANNE", HAS RECENTLY DEFLATED YOUR EGO. IT WOULD SEEM SAFE TO SAY THAT THE DREAM OCCURRED SOON AFTER. WHAT YOU'RE FEELING IS HUMILITY, AND A LITTLE OF THAT WILL NEVER HARM YOU IN THE LONG RUN!



IN ONE OF THE BOOKS IN MY TOWER ROOM THERE IS TOLD THE STORY OF A CHINESE EMPEROR WHO WENT INSANE BECAUSE HE ONCE DREAMED THAT HE WAS A BUTTERFLY! AND THAT THEN HE COULDN'T DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS A BUTTERFLY DREAMING HE WAS THE EMPEROR OF CHINA OR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA DREAMING HE WAS A BUTTERFLY... I HAVE MY OWN DREAM, MY OWN TANGLED SKEIN OF REALITY AND UNREALITY, FOR I DWELL IN...

The DREAMING TOWER!



"IN THIS DREAM I AM SOLE OCCUPANT OF A ROOM IN A TALL TOWER... THIS I KNOW BY WATCHING THE SHADOWS THAT OVERLOOK THE OCEAN! THIS ROOM OF MY DREAM IS A STRANGE ROOM AND THROUGH THE YEARS I HAVE COME TO KNOW IT WELL, TO REGARD IT WITH A MIXTURE OF AFFECTION AND SUPPRESSED FEAR!"



"IT IS STRANGE HOW A LONELY MAN WILL NOTICE LITTLE THINGS, BECOME INTERESTED IN AND AWARE OF TRIVIAL MATTERS THAT WOULD GO UNNOTICED BY THE AVERAGE PERSON! I AM LIKE THAT, ESPECIALLY IN THE DREAM! I NOTICE THINGS! I AM AWARE OF, AND INTERESTED IN-- TRIVIAL THINGS!"



"I ALWAYS START MY DREAM BY BEING ASLEEP.. ASLEEP IN THE DREAM, THAT IS..."



"AND THEN I AWAKE IN THIS DREAM, JUST AS I DID THIS MORNING, WHEN THE CLEAN PUNGENT SMELL OF HOT FRESH COFFEE COMES TO ME AND I OPEN MY EYES TO SEE THAT A BREAKFAST TRAY IS WAITING FOR ME OVER BY THE DOOR, JUST AS IT ALWAYS IS!"



"AND... JUST AS THE TRAY IS ALWAYS THERE, SO ALSO DO I ALWAYS TRY THE DOOR WHEN I GO FOR THE TRAY-- BUT ALWAYS TO FIND IT LOCKED!"



"FOLLOWING BREAKFAST IN THE DREAM, THERE ARE BOOKS, THE RECORD PLAYER AND A SUPERB VIEW OF THE EVER-CHANGING OCEAN FOR DIVERSION! SOMEHOW, SUCH PASTIMES WERE ALL RIGHT... I FOUND NO FAULT WITH THE LIFE I LED IN MY DREAMS... UNTIL TODAY..."



"UNTIL TODAY SUCH HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PATTERN OF MY DREAMS! IN THE TODAY OF MY DREAM WORLD, THERE CAME A BREAK IN THE ESTABLISHED ROUTINE! I AWOKE WITH A HEADACHE AND I HEARD SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE DOOR..."



"THE WORDS OF THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO STOOD OUTSIDE MY TOWER DOOR IN TODAY'S DREAM MADE LITTLE OR NO SENSE BUT I CONTINUED LISTENING ANYWAY!"

HIS LAST PILL IS OVERDUE AN HOUR NOW! HE NEEDS IT, THE POOR THING! I SIMPLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAAM...HE'LL BE HAVING BREAKFAST IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES ANYWAY! HE'S NOT TOO FAR OFF HIS MEDICINE SCHEDULE!

"I SLIPPED FROM BED AND TIPTOED TO THE DOOR AND TRIED TO FOLLOW THE VOICES FROM WITHOUT!"

"ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT THE DOCTOR LEFT NO INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU IN CASE OF JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS?"

"NO, MA'AM, I'VE TRIED TO PHONE HIM BUT HE'S OUT ON A DISTANT CALL!"



"SUDDENLY I LOST ALL INTEREST IN THESE UNKNOWN DREAM PEOPLE AND RETURNED TO MY BED. MY HEADACHE WAS GROWING!"

CONTACT DOCTOR JOHNSON JUST AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND TELL HIM OF THE MIX-UP IN THE BOY'S PILL SCHEDULE. LET ME KNOW WHAT HE SAYS IMMEDIATELY!



"I SLEPT, AND WHEN I AWOKE THE TRAY WAS THERE! I GOT UP, TRIED THE DOOR TO FIND IT LOCKED AND THEN TASTED THE COFFEE... IT WAS COLD! THE DREAM WAS NOW COMPLETELY DEPARTING FROM ITS DAY IN DAY OUT PATTERN!"



"BEWILDERED BY THE OBVIOUS AND GROWING VARIATIONS WITHIN MY DREAM, I WANDERED ABOUT THE ROOM! I TRIED READING! I PLAYED A SYMPHONY, BUT TO NO AVAIL! I NOW KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG IN MY DREAM, BUT WHAT?"



3

*THEN ONCE MORE THE SOUNDS SHIMMERED IN MY EARS LIKE SUNLIGHT ON SWIFT FLOWING WATER... I HEARD VOICES AGAIN JUST OUTSIDE MY DREAM LOCKED DOOR!

ARE YOU POSITIVE HE IS ALL RIGHT, NOW?

THE NURSE TELLS ME THAT EVERYTHING HAS GONE RIGHT SINCE BREAKFAST! I DON'T DARE ENTER NOW BECAUSE HE'S AWAKE... BUT HIS MISSING HIS MEDICATION APPARENTLY HAS DONE HIM NO HARM... EVEN THOUGH IT'S DEPLORABLE!

PERHAPS, ANYWAY, GIVE HIM A CHECK UP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND LET ME KNOW! INCIDENTALLY, I MUST ASK THAT THERE BE ABSOLUTELY NO TROUBLE TONIGHT... FOR MY WIFE AND I ARE HAVING GUESTS!

*AT FIRST I ATTEMPTED TO PUZZLE OVER THE EVENTS IN MY DREAM MORNING, BUT DECIDED, REALIZING THAT IT WAS BUT A DREAM, THAT IT DIDN'T MATTER ANYWAY... AND DROPPED ON THE BED FOR A NAP! I STILL HAD MY HEADACHE!



I SLEPT LONG HOURS OF DREAMLESS SLEEP THEN, IN MY DREAM... WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS EVENING!

THIS, TOO, IS DIFFERENT. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SLEPT THIS LATE IN ANY OF THESE DREAMS!

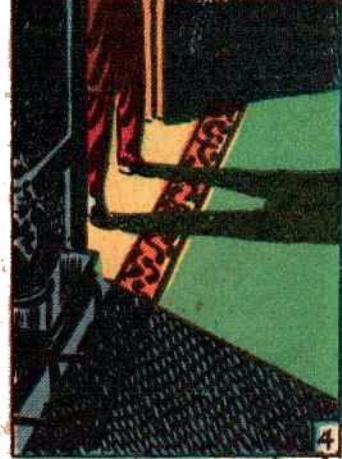
THE ROAST BEEF SMELLS GOOD, BUT I'D BEST TRY THE DOOR FIRST! SO MANY THINGS ARE OFF TODAY IN THIS DREAM... PERHAPS THE DOOR WILL OPEN, TOO!



THEN, STANDING IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS OF MY LONELY TOWER ROOM, I GROPED FOR AND FOUND THE DOOR KNOB. GENTLY I TUGGED AT IT, REALIZING AS I DID SO, THE FUTILITY OF THE ACT... BUT THIS TIME...



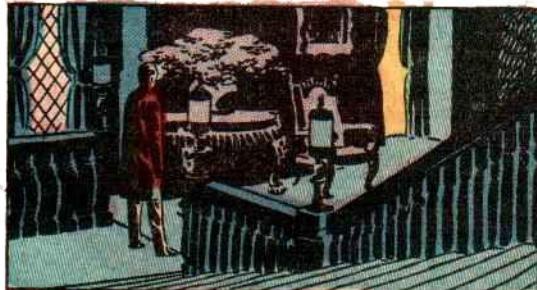
*SLOWLY, TIMIDLY, I OPENED THE DOOR AND STOOD STARING OUT INTO THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF THIS PART OF THE TOWER THAT I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE!



"I WAITED, FEARFUL THAT PERHAPS MY DREAM WAS TURNING INTO A NIGHTMARE, UNTIL MY EYES GREW SOMEWHAT ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS! THEN I MOVED FORWARD, ALWAYS EXPLORING AHEAD OF ME WITH MY FOOT..."



"ONCE I FOUND MYSELF DESCENDING THE METAL STAIRS THAT SPIRALED DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE TOTAL BLACKNESS, THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! DREAM OR NOT... I HAD TO GO ON, STEP BY STEP! AT LAST, AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE LONG HOURS OF SLOW EFFORT, I REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS! CAUTIOUSLY I LOOKED ABOUT ME AND SAW, IN THE BLACK VELVET DISTANCE, THE SOFT WARM GLOW OF YELLOW LIGHT..."



"SLOWLY, FEARFULLY, I MOVED TOWARD THE LIGHT THAT GREW AND LENGTHENED INTO A DAZZLING, BLINDING GLARE... AND FROM BEYOND THIS DREAM-SPAWNED LIGHT I COULD HEAR THE BUZZ-HUM OF CONVERSATION... THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE WHO WERE CONTENT AND HAPPY... WHO DID NOT DREAM!"



"THEN, PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE THOSE WITHIN THE ROOM SENSED MY PRESENCE, THE ROOM STILLED AND I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WAIT FOR MY DREAM TO GO ON... I HAD TO KNOW WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN NEXT..."



"AT LAST I COULD STAND THE MOUNTING TENSION NO LONGER, EVEN IF IT WAS ALL BUT A DREAM! I DECIDED TO OPEN THE DOOR WIDER AND SEE FOR MYSELF THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO PARTICIPATED IN MY DREAM!"



"THEY ALL TURNED AND LOOKED AT ME AND I IN TURN STARED BACK AT THEM! THEN, AS I SAW THE VARIOUS EXPRESSIONS OF LOATHING AND FEAR MIRRORED ON THEIR FACES, I BEGAN TO WONDER WAS THIS BUT A DREAM AND WHY? AND WHETHER IT WAS OR NOT--WHAT WAS I?"



"WHEN I COULD TAKE THEIR EYES NO MORE, I TURNED TO RUN!"



"AND, AS I DID SO, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF WHAT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WALL MIRROR--THAT WHICH HALTED ME IN MY HASTY FLIGHT!"



"IT WAS THE FACE OF A MONSTER THAT I SAW! A GHASTLY HORROR, WILD OF HAIR AND WARPED OF FLESH! I SAW AT LAST WHAT ROAMED IN MY DREAMS -- IN THE TOWER-- THE TWISTED MOUTH BARED ITS YELLOW TEETH IN SILENT DISMAY! I WAS SEEING MYSELF!"

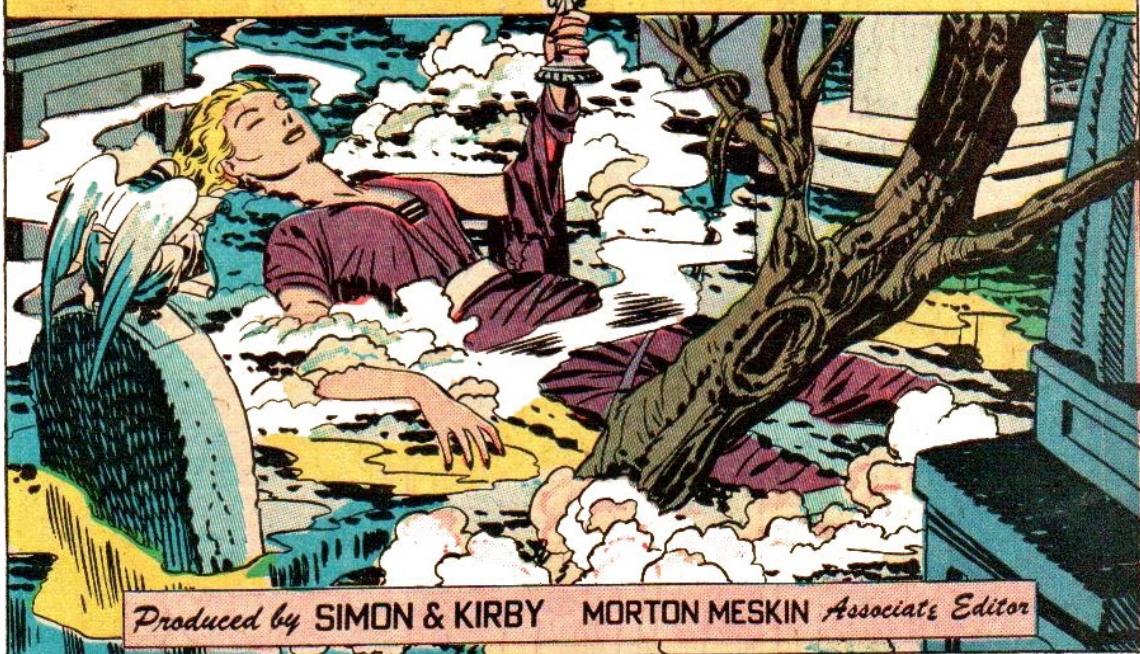




CHANCE? PERHAPS IT WAS--AND PERHAPS THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS WHICH GUIDE OUR DESTINIES WILLED RICHARD TEMPLE TO MEET MADELON ROBERTS WHO EACH NIGHT WALKED IN A PLACE OF DEATH, A WANDERER IN HER OWN NIGHTMARE SEEKING THE IDENTITY OF --

The GIRL IN THE GRAVE!

The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to that individual's situation--a similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.



Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

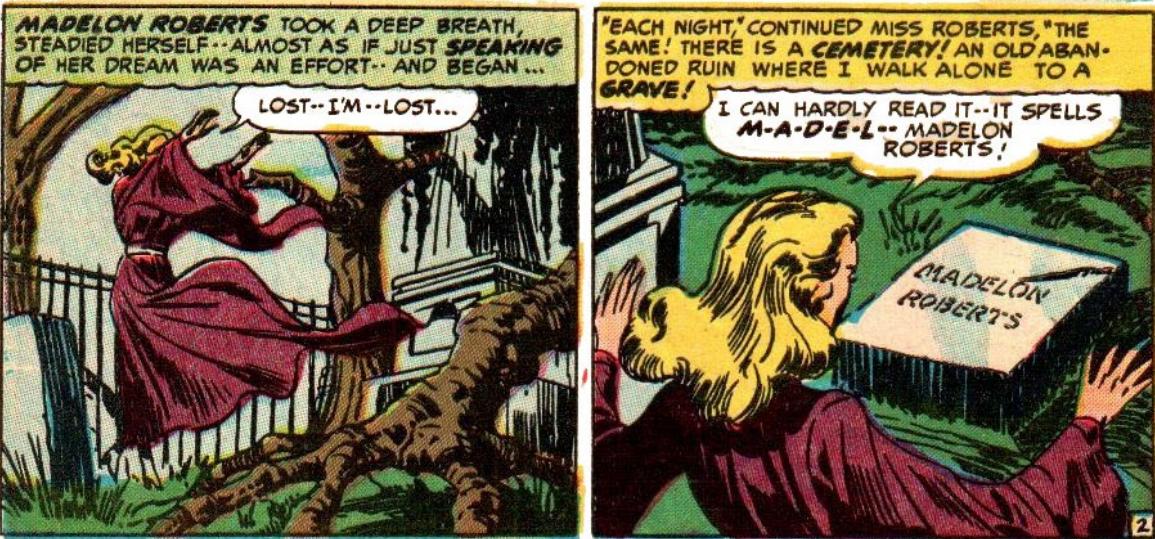
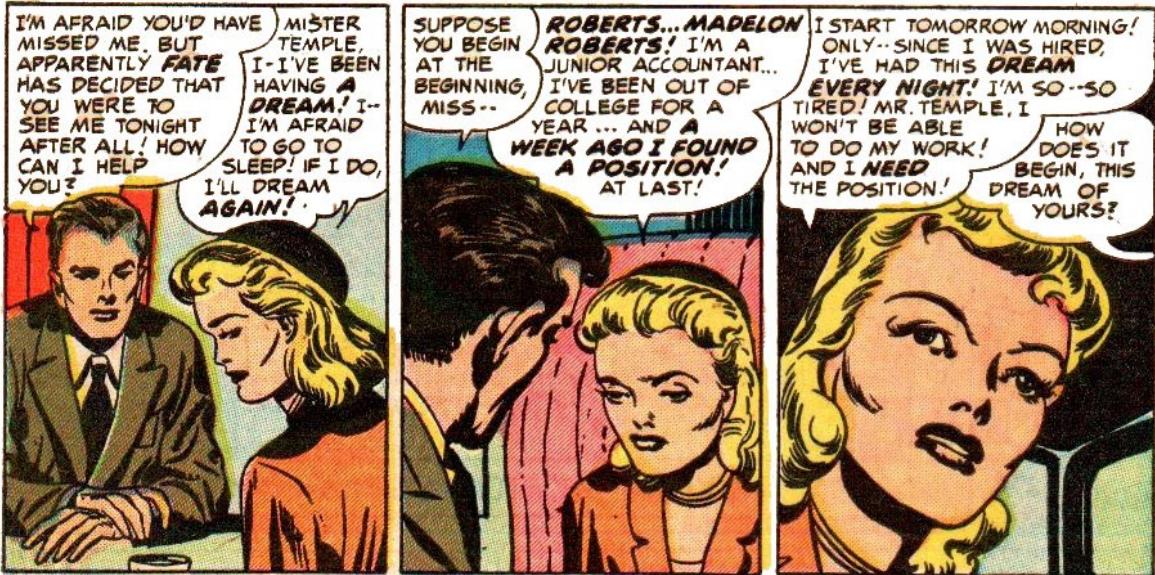
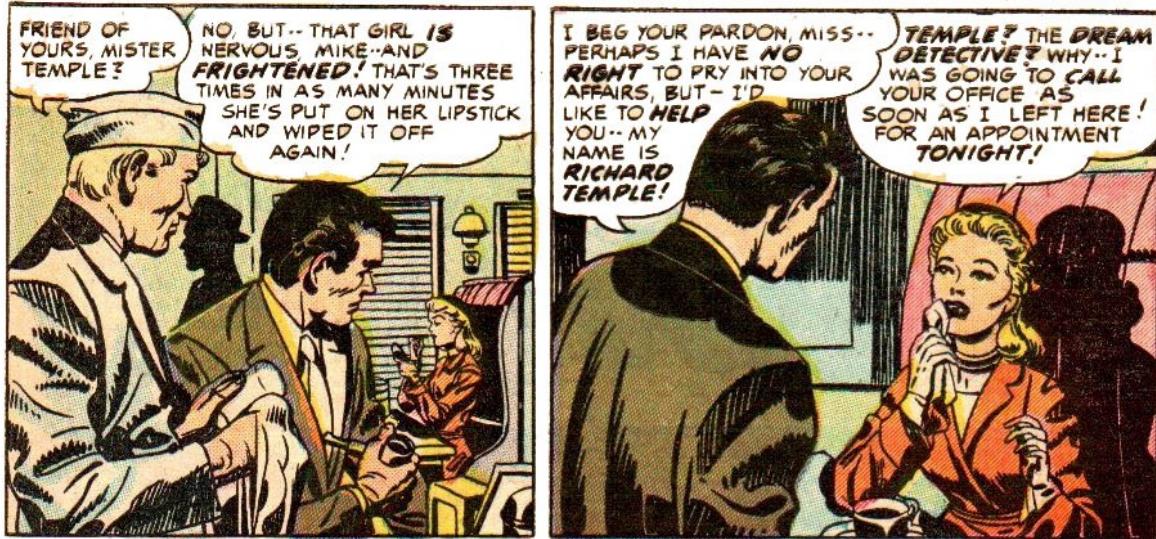
IF ANYONE WERE TO ASK RICHARD TEMPLE HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE THE ANSWER WOULD MOST PROBABLY BE "NOTHING HAPPENS BY ACCIDENT!" -- THERE IS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING! THEN HE MIGHT GIVE AN EXAMPLE: A CHANCE MEETING THAT HAPPENED TO HIM, ONLY A SHORT WHILE AGO...

OH, MY COFFEE! I'VE SPILLED MOST OF IT OVER YOU! I-I AM SORRY! I'M AFRAID I'VE STAINED YOUR COAT!

IT ISN'T TOO BAD, MISS... THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN!

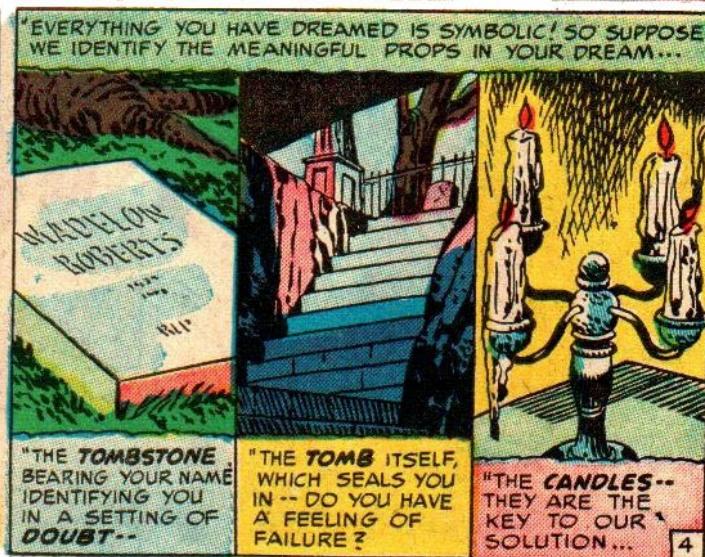
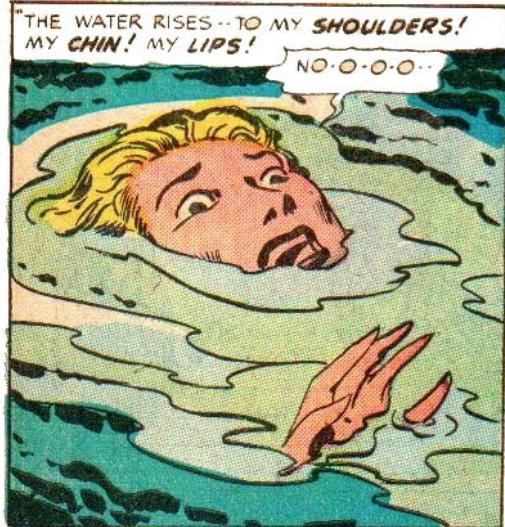
RICHARD TEMPLE LOOKED UP--AND SAW DARK CIRCLES UNDER YOUNG BLUE EYES--SLIM HANDS THAT TREMBLED...

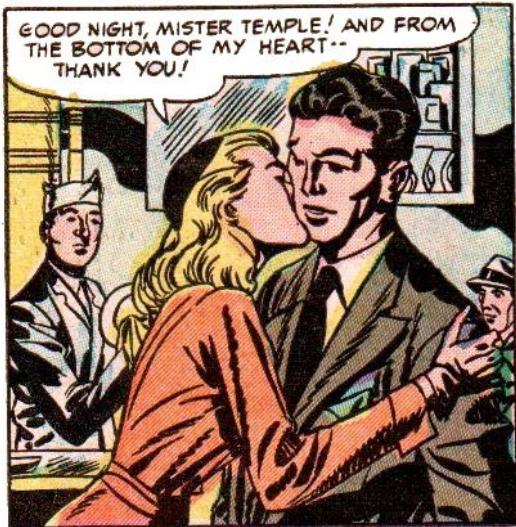
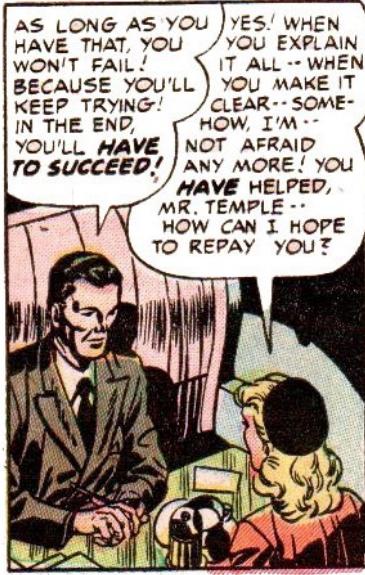
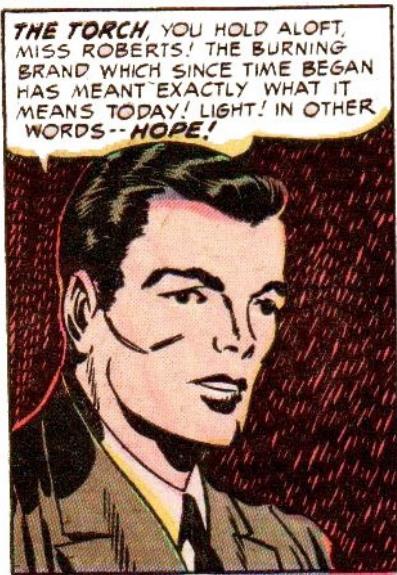






3





You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

MISS ELLEN K. OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
HAS WRITTEN TO ME AS FOLLOWS...

DEAR MR. TEMPLE;
FOR SOME TIME NOW...
IN FACT, EVER SINCE I
BECAME ENGAGED TO
BE MARRIED, I HAVE
BEEN HAVING THE
SAME DREAM OVER
AND OVER! THE
DREAM CONCERNs
MY FIANCÉ, TOM, OR
AT LEAST... I THINK
IT DOES! I CAN'T BE
CERTAIN, AND IT
PUZZLES ME! THAT'S
WHY I AM WRITING
TO YOU...



"EACH TIME, I STAND ALONE AT THE END OF A LONG
AISLE, IN MY WEDDING GOWN! AND WHEN I LOOK
AROUND..."



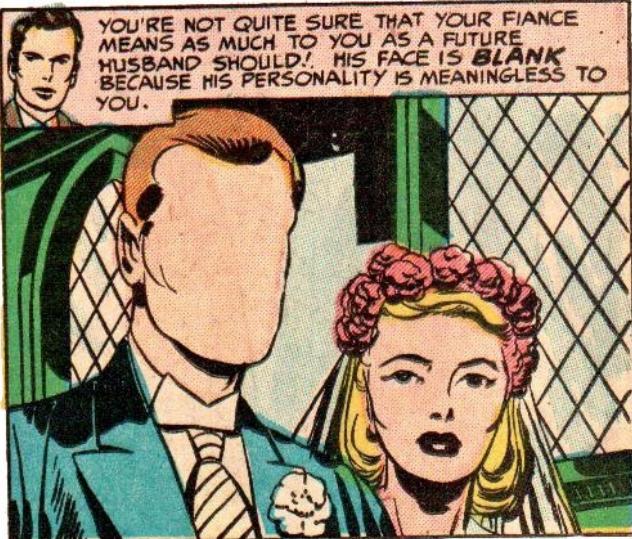
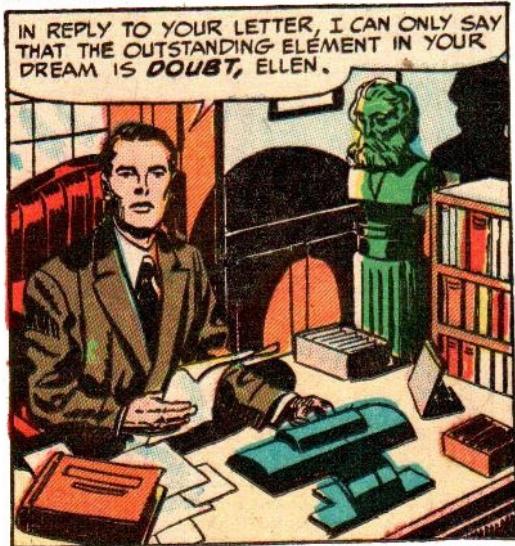
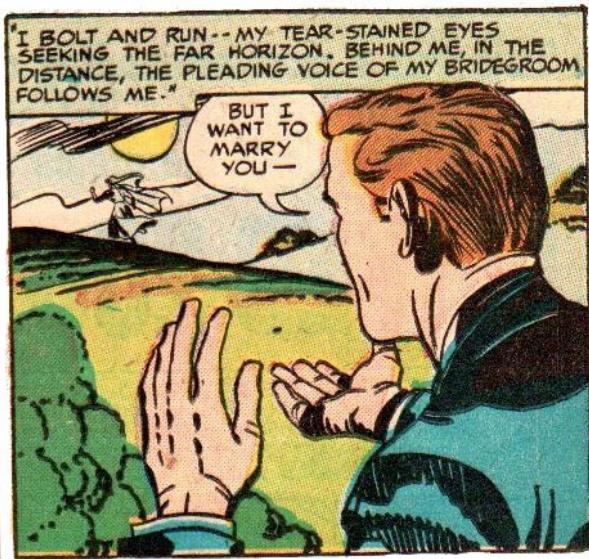
"THE MAN WALKING TOWARD ME IS MY BRIDEGROOM.
I KNOW THAT, BUT... HE HAS NO FACE! I DON'T
KNOW WHO HE IS! YET THE CEREMONY GOES ON!"



"IT... BROKE! IT
SNAPPED IN TWO!"
"AGAIN AND
AGAIN MY
FACELESS
BRIDEGROOM
FISHES IN
HIS POCKET-
AND
BRINGS OUT
ANOTHER
RING... AND
ANOTHER
... UNTIL
THE FLOOR
IS LITTERED
WITH THE
BROKEN
SHARDS
OF MANY
RINGS!"

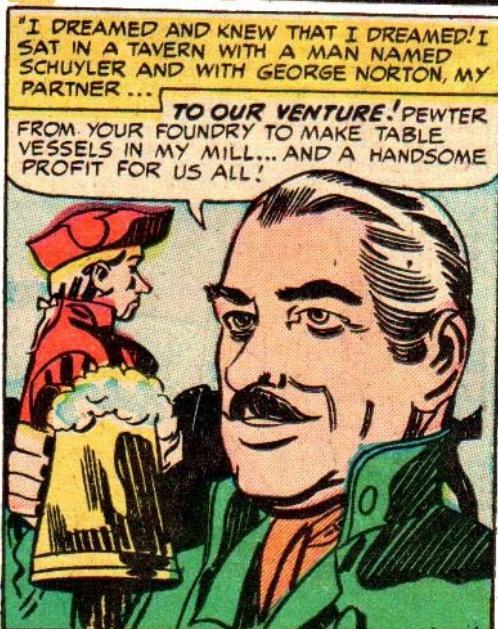
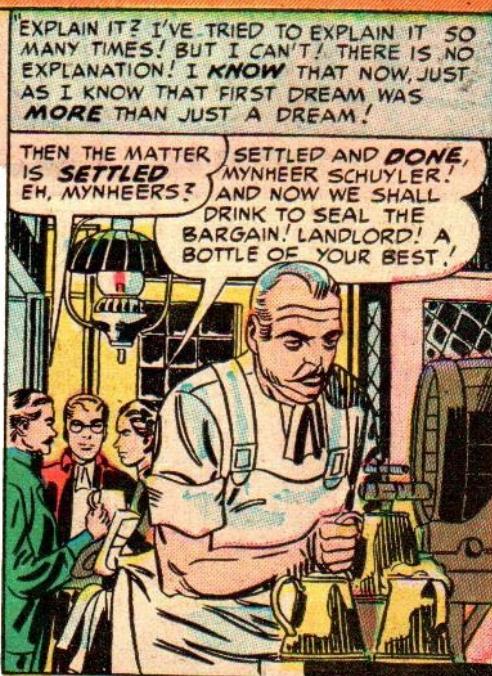
"THE RING!
I... YES. HERE
IT IS!"
"THAT ONE BROKE
TOO! JUST LIKE
THE OTHERS!"

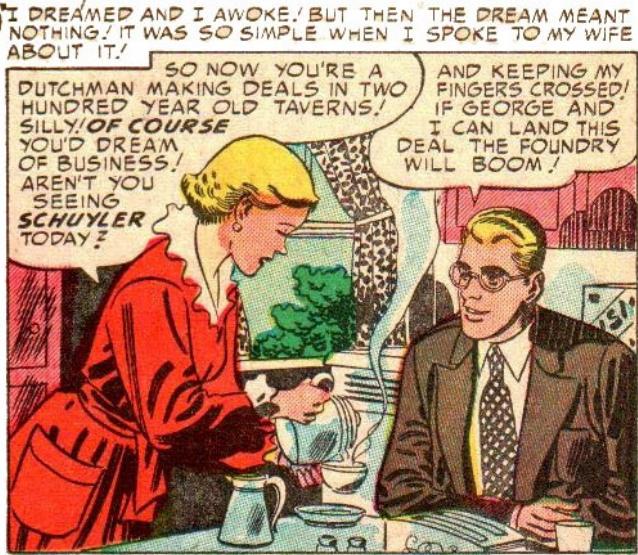
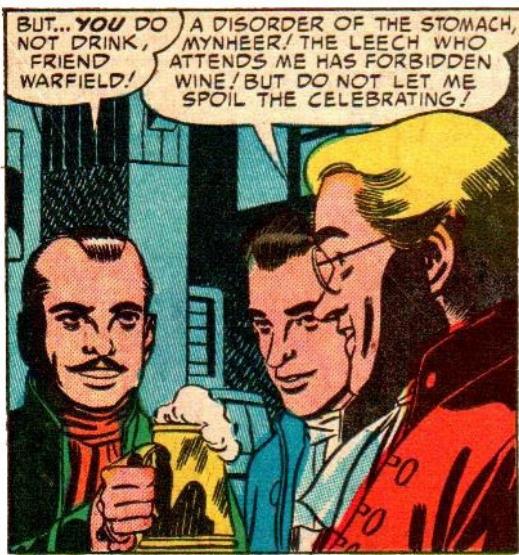




This was a most astounding dream--because it came true--confronting me with cold facts in the light of day. Here are the details of the dream that proved--

I LIVED 200 YEARS AGO!





"GEORGE NORTON WAS MY PARTNER AND MY BEST FRIEND! OUR FOUNDRY WAS SMALL BUT PROSPEROUS... I WAS THINKING OF OUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE AS WE DROVE TO GRAYS... BUT WHEN I STEPPED FOOT INTO THE RESTAURANT, IT WAS AS THOUGH I WERE RECREATING AN OLD SCENE!"



"IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN PHILIP SCHUYLER!
GEORGE HAD MADE THE CONTACT... YET I HAD MET
HIM BEFORE, IN MY DREAM! BUT YOU DON'T
TELL A HARD-HEADED BUSINESSMAN A THING LIKE
THAT!"





"SIX MONTHS! EIGHT MONTHS! EIGHT MONTHS AND A DAY! IT WAS JUST EIGHT MONTHS AND ONE DAY UNTIL THE SECOND DREAM! HOW CAN I FORGET?"

IT IS A WELL BUILT HOUSE, MYNHEER, AND PLEASING TO THE EYE, BUT NINE HUNDRED GUINEAS! THE PRICE IS HIGH!

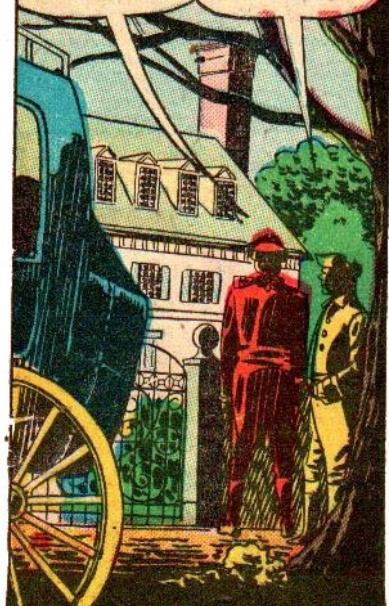
NOT FOR YOU, MYNHEER WARFIELD!

ALL AXIN IS TALKING OF HOW YOU AND MYNHEER NORTON HAVE PROFITED THESE PAST MONTHS OF HOW YOUR FOUNDRY HAS GROWN!

IT HAS GROWN BECAUSE MYNHEER NORTON AND MYSELF TEND OUR BUSINESS... AND MIND IT, UNLIKE THE BUSYBODIES OF AXIN!

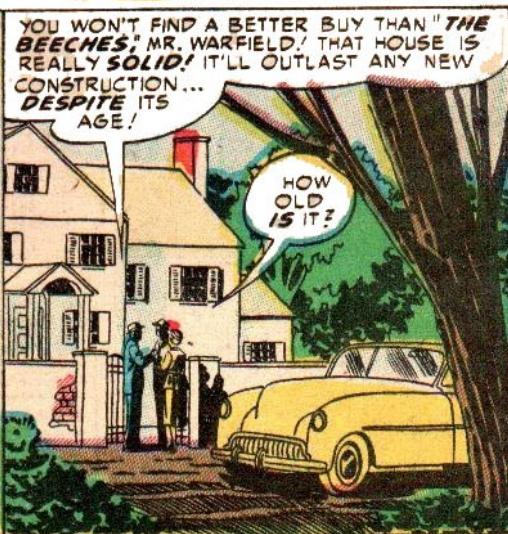
YOUR PARDON, MYNHEER! I MEANT NO OFFENSE!

THEN THE MATTER IS FORGOTTEN! NINE HUNDRED GUINEAS! VERY WELL! I WILL TAKE THE HOUSE!



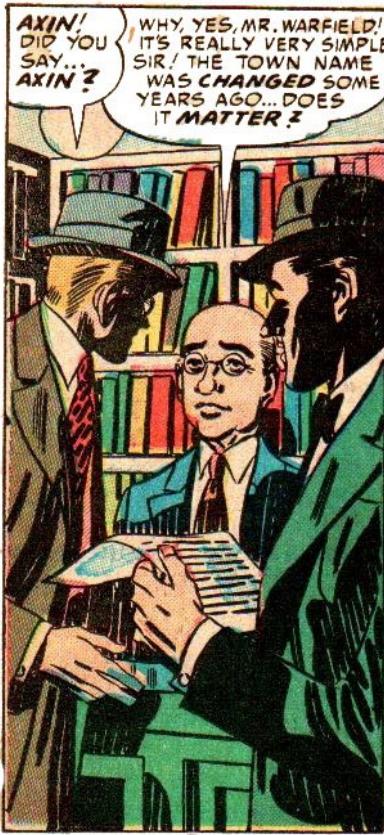


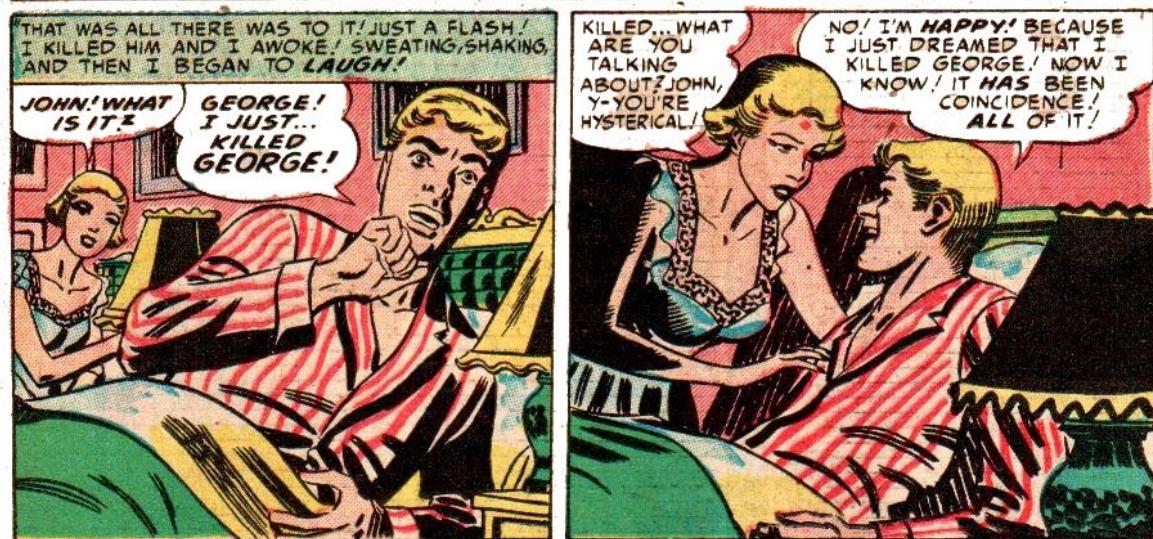
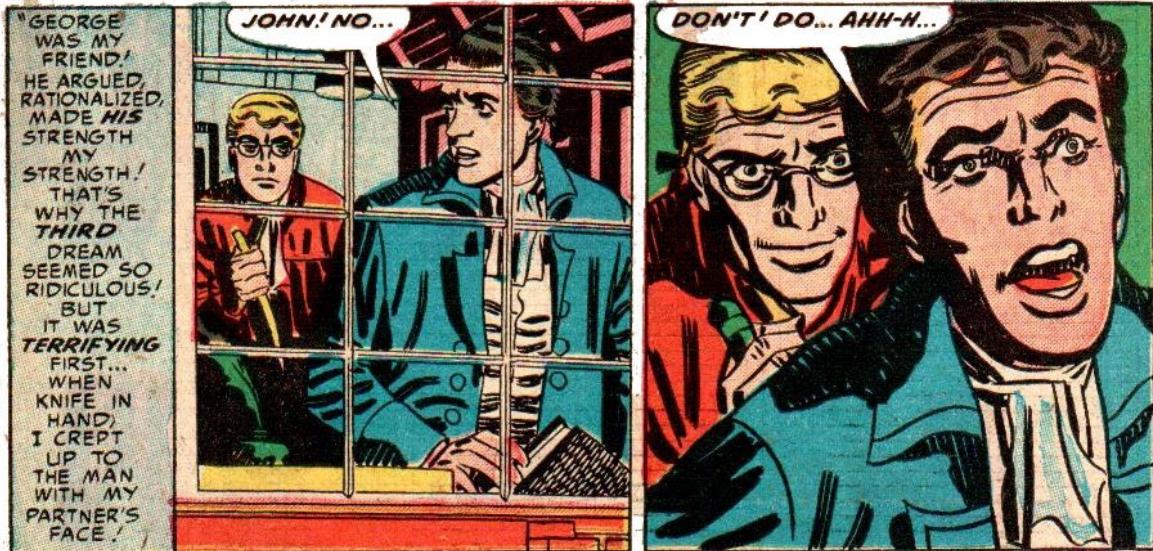
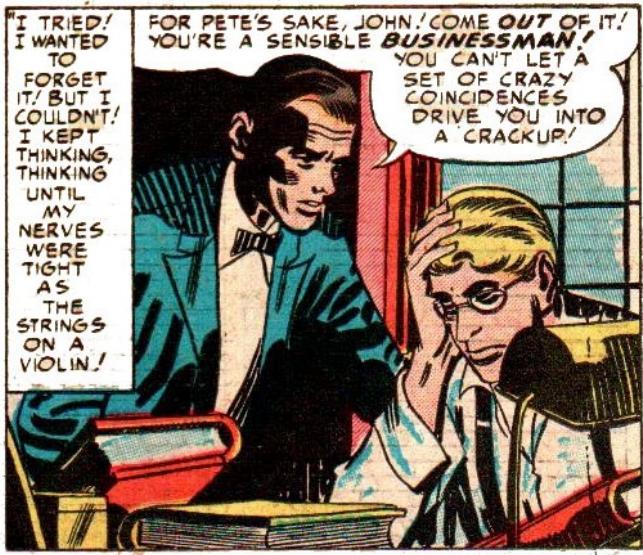
FROM THE DAY I MET PHILIP SCHUYLER, BUSINESS HAD BOOMED! GEORGE AND I WERE MAKING MONEY... SO MARTHA AND I WENT HOUSE HUNTING... AND WE FOUND JUST THE PLACE!



IT WAS RIDICULOUS! THIS COULDN'T BE THE HOUSE I HAD SEEN IN MY DREAM, EVEN THE NAME OF THE TOWN IT STOOD IN WAS DIFFERENT! I BROUGHT MY ATTORNEY THAT SAME DAY TO MAKE THE CONTRACT...









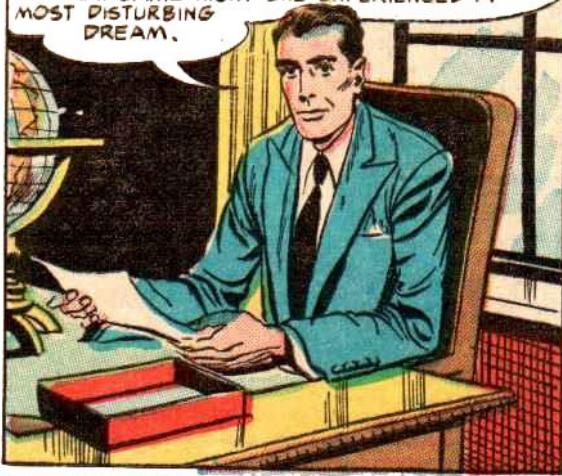
You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

"BETTY DREAMT OF A COLD WORLD WHERE PEOPLE SCURRIED BY--IGNORING BETTY IN HER SWIM SUIT--BETTY CARRIED AN EMPTY SACK, AND SHE APPROACHED A STERN MAN WHO GUARDED A COAL PIT.



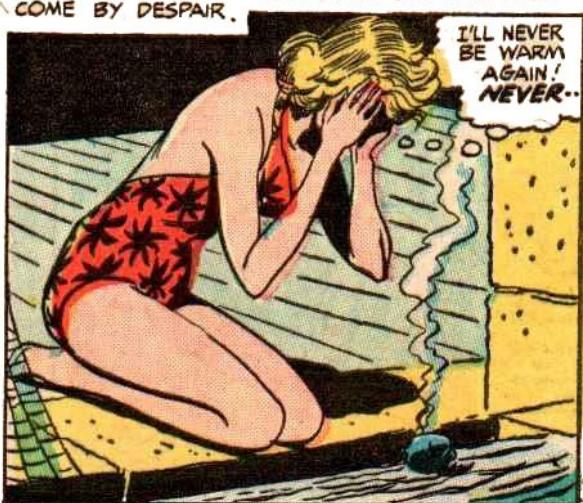
BETTY L. WRITES THAT THE BOY WITH WHOM SHE HAS BEEN GOING STEADY FOR SOME TIME RECENTLY STOPPED SEEING HER--AND IT WAS ON THAT SAME NIGHT SHE EXPERIENCED A MOST DISTURBING DREAM.



"THE MAN WHO GUARDED THE COAL SNUBBED BETTY AT FIRST, BUT HE RELENTED, AND SHE GOT THE COAL. BETTY MADE A LONG AND WEARY JOURNEY TO HER DESTINATION ...



IN THE DREAM, THIS DISCOVERY WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK! BETTY WAS CERTAIN THE GUARD WOULD GIVE HER NO MORE COAL, AND SHE WAS OVERCOME BY DESPAIR.



THAT WAS HOW BETTY'S DREAM ENDED. IT SIMPLY MEANS THAT BETTY IS SEEKING AFFECTION AND WARMTH. HER STEADY HAS LEFT HER AND SHE IS TRYING TO COPE WITH EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS LEFT BY HIS GOING. FOR THE MOMENT, AT LEAST SHE FEELS NO ONE CAN REPLACE HIM.

THE HURRYING PASSERSBY WHO IGNORED HER REPRESENT THE WORLD WHICH IN HER MIND HAS NO INTEREST IN HER. NO DOUBT BETTY AND HER BOY FRIEND HAVE PARTED BEFORE, JUST AS THE GUARD RELENTED ONCE, BUT WOULD NOT A SECOND TIME.

BUT THIS TIME THE SPIRIT OF RELENTING IS ABSENT! STOP BEGGING FOR AFFECTION, BETTY. EARN IT INSTEAD! YOU CAN TRY!



The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to their individual situation—similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.



EVERY ROMANCE HAS PITFALLS. AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, HEARTBREAK, SAVE YOURSELF LOTS OF TRAGEDY. DON'T BE A FAUX PAS. FOR WINNING strategy, read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** or **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS**. Put psychology to work—no more clumsy mistakes for you with these amazing handbooks!



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ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*

SOME DREAMS, BY THEIR VERY NATURE, ARE UNIVERSAL... THE SAME DREAM CAN OCCUR TO A BANKER, A STUDENT, A HOUSEWIFE!

"RECENTLY, DURING AN INTERVIEW IN MY OFFICE, SUCH A DREAM WAS RELATED TO ME BY A MISTER WALTER W.-- IN ANALYZING HIS DREAM, PERHAPS, I CAN ALSO EXPLAIN YOURS..."



"HE WAS A RESERVED MAN. BUT HE SPOKE IN A TROUBLED VOICE. WALTER W. DID NOT LIKE RELIVING HIS DREAM... IT BEGAN WITH HIS WALKING ON A WINDING, TWISTING ROAD UPON WHICH A GREAT STORM POURED ITS FURY..."



"THE STORM SUDDENLY CAME TO AN END... AND SO DID THE ROAD... FOR DIRECTLY AHEAD OF WALTER W.-- IN A SETTING OF RAINBOW HUES BENEATH A WARM SUN, WAS AN INDESCRIBABLY LOVELY GARDEN..."



"SOAKED TO HIS VERY SKIN AND TREMBLING WITH CHILL, THE DREAMER RUSHED WITH EAGERNESS FOR THE INVITING WARMTH OF THE PARADISE BEFORE HIM! BUT AS HE REACHED ITS VERY EDGE, THE STEEL BARS OF FENCE RUSHED DOWN FROM THE SKY TO SHUT HIM OUT!"

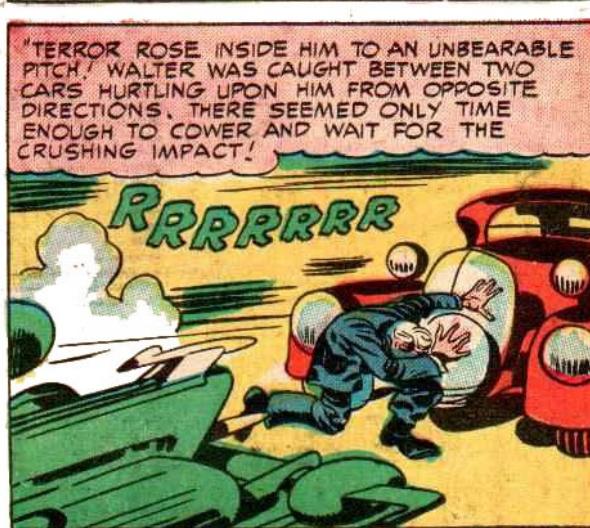
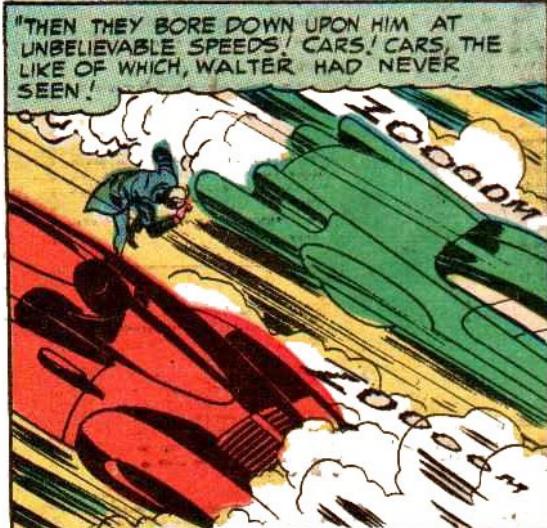


"AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS PITIFUL PLEADING, THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SPAWNED AN UGLY HORDE OF MISHAPEN DWARVES -- WHO STREAMED MENACINGLY TOWARD WALTER W."



"THEY SWARMED THROUGH EVERY OPENING OF THE STEEL FENCE TO GET AT WALTER."





"AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE DREAM SNAPPED INTO OBLIVION AND WALTER WOKE. HIS QUIET VOICE HELD A SLIGHT TREMOR AS HE FINISHED HIS NARRATION.

THAT WAS IT, MISTER TEMPLE. IS THERE ANY WAY TO KEEP THIS DREAM FROM RECURRING...?

I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR!

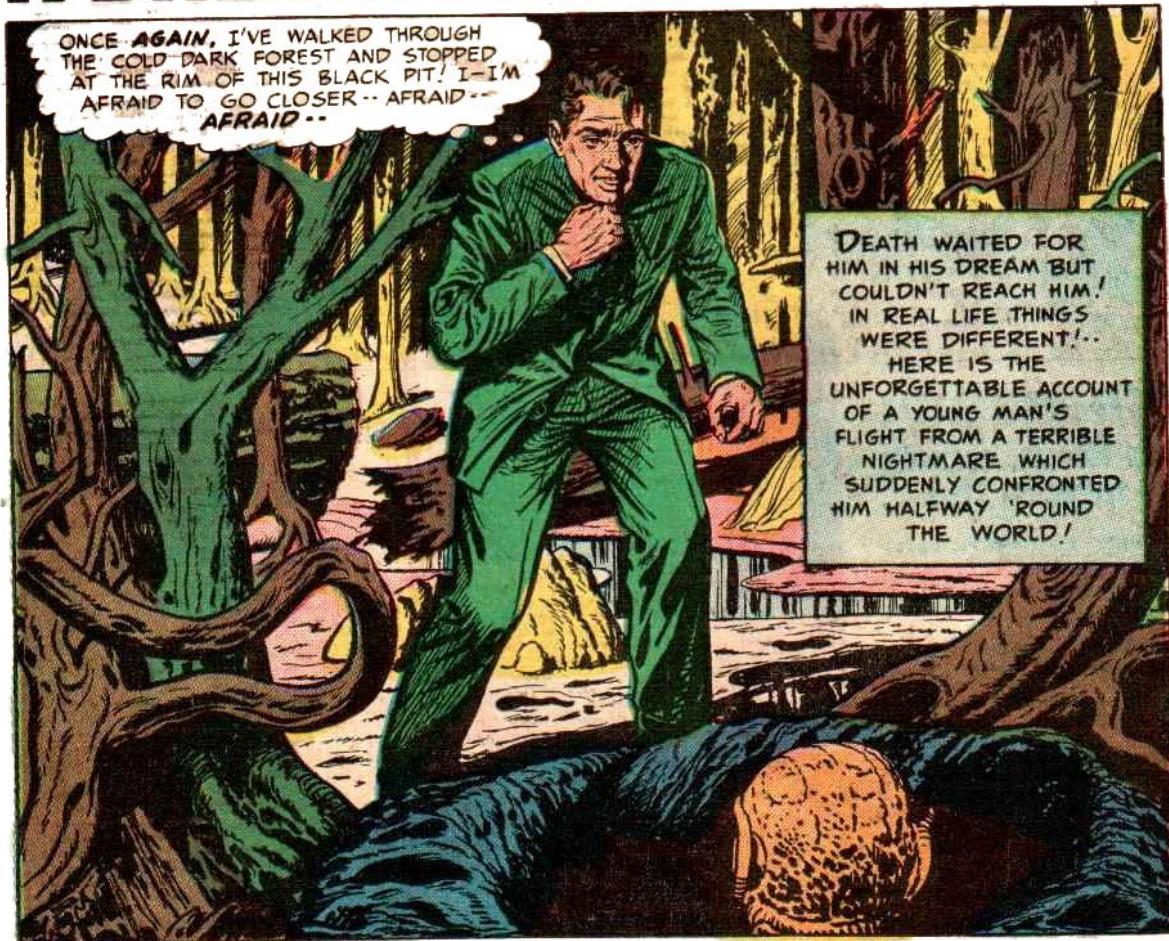
YOU SEE, THIS DREAM REPRESENTS THE MOST BASIC OF ALL HUMAN EMOTIONS - "THE INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION." IN THIS WORLD OF ATOM BOMBS, WE ALL SEEK THE SUNLIT GARDEN OF YOUR DREAM -

BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS THE DARK FORCES BARRING THE WAY. THE FENCE - THE GOBLINS! THE BLIND, HURTLING FUTURISTIC CARS RISE OUT OF OUR FEARS OF THE TIMES WE LIVE IN. YOU'RE UNDER TENSION, MISTER W. -- RELAX.

PERHAPS, SOME DAY SOON, WE'LL REACH THE GARDEN.



A DREAM SAVED HIS LIFE!



PHILLIP HANNA FIRST SAW THAT RAW BLEAK LAND--SCAPE ON JULY 2, 1950, THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS TO REPORT TO THE ARMY FOR INDUCTION! HE STEPPED OUT ON HIS PLEASANT BOSTON HOME--AND INTO THE BARREN, ICY ARMS OF HORROR!



"CAREFUL--CAREFUL"-- THE WORD WAS THE FROTHY CREST OF THE WAVES OF FEAR WHICH SWEEP ALL PEACE FROM HIS QUAKING SOUL! "KEEP MOVING! DON'T STOP! WATCH FOR THE FACE OF LURKING DEATH!"

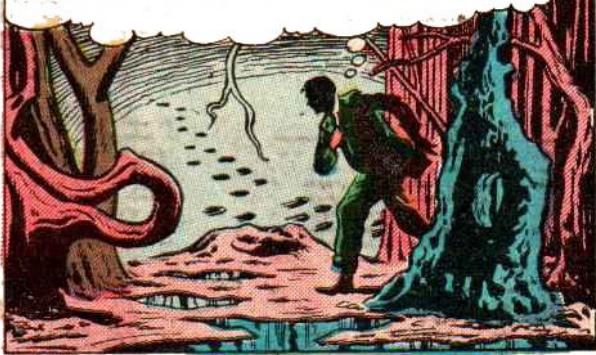


WHERE IS MY HOME? DID I HAVE A HOME? I'VE FORGOTTEN... THIS IS MY WORLD! THE WHITE MOUNTAINS... THE FOREST... MOTIONLESS SHAPES... AND SHADOWS... THAT MOVE...



IT SEEMED LIKE A **HIDEOUS** PLACE! AND YET, VERY MUCH PART OF HIM! PHIL WALKED ON, UNMINDFUL OF THE HOWLING WIND WHICH SOUGHT TO DRAW THE WARMTH FROM HIS BODY!

I'M A FOOL TO KEEP GOING! I'M AFRAID OF WHAT LIES AHEAD... **AFRAID!** BUT THAT'S MY GREATEST DANGER... **MY OWN FEARS!** I MUST IGNORE THEM... AND GO ON...



A RUSHING STREAM... BEYOND IT... MORE FOREST... MORE ICE... AND THE ENDLESS NIGHT...



THERE'S A PATH LEADING INTO THE THICKETS UP AHEAD! I'LL FOLLOW IT... WHY NOT?



THE WATER WAS BITTERLY COLD - AND THE FOOTING TREACHEROUS! BUT, PHIL CROSSED THE STREAM!



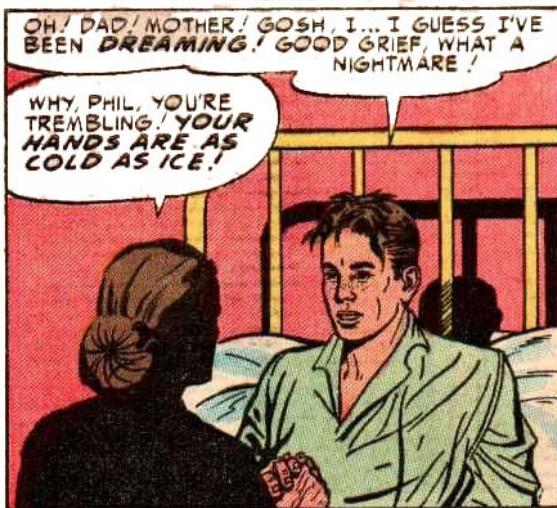
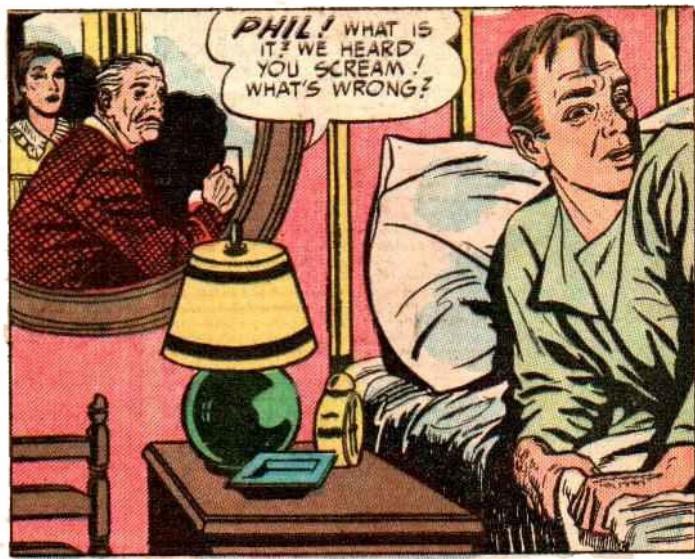
THE LAND SEEMED TO HAVE SUSTAINED SOME GREAT BLOW... HAD TURNED UPON ITSELF IN PAIN! AND THE TREES WERE CORPSES... STANDING UPRIGHT IN SHATTERED RANKS!



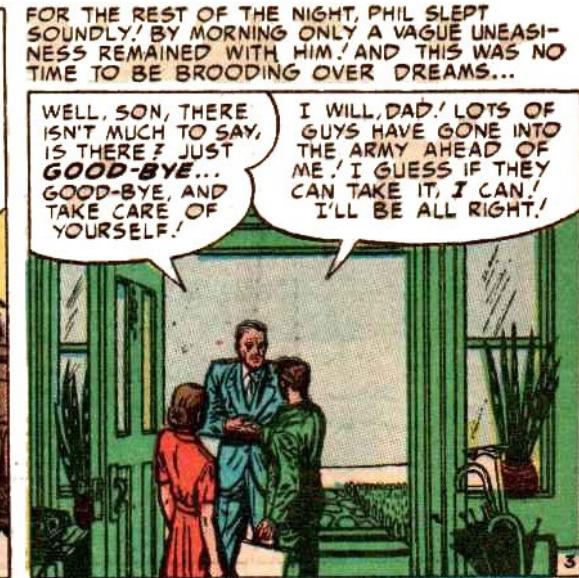
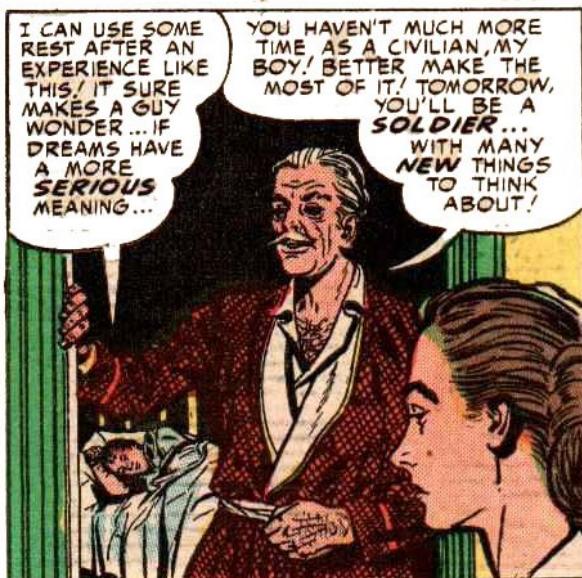
I'VE GOT TO LOOK! YES... I SEE IT... A FACE... THE FACE OF A DEMON... IT'S EYES ARE FLAMING COALS AND IT BARES ITS TEETH LIKE SOME VILE BEAST!



THEN, PHIL HURLED HIMSELF INTO THE PIT... AND THE LEERING FACE RUSHED UP TO MEET HIM! PHIL SCREAMED LONG AND LOUD!



PHIL HANNA WAS BACK IN HIS OWN BED, SAFE AND WARM. BUT THE HORROR OF HIS DREAM STILL LINGERED...



PHIL TOOK HIS BASIC TRAINING WITH THE OTHER DRAFTEES... AND WAS ASSIGNED TO THE INFANTRY! THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE WERE FAMILIAR TO HIM NOW, BUT WAR WAS STILL A GAME! HOWEVER, THE REAL THING WAS NOT LONG IN COMING!

HEY! YOU YARD! BIRDS HEAR THE RUMOR? WE'RE PULLING OUT FOR OVERSEAS... TO KOREA!

SIMMER DOWN! THAT RUMOR'S BEEN FLOATING AROUND FOR MONTHS!

THIS RUMOR HELPED WATER! SEA WATER! PHIL'S OUTFIT WAS SUDDENLY ASSEMBLED AND SHIPPED TO A PORT OF EMBARKATION! THERE, THEY BOARDED AN ARMY TRANSPORT!

WELL, I MUST REMEMBER TO WRITE A NOTE TO THAT GYPSY WHO TOLD MY FORTUNE AT THE BAZAAR LAST YEAR! SHE SAID THAT I'D NEVER TAKE AN OCEAN VOYAGE!

YEAH... THERE WAS ONE WHO SAID I HAD TALENT ... THAT I'D GO FAR!

THE FIRST NIGHT ABOARD SHIP, PHIL'S NIGHTMARE RE-CURRED, WITH EVEN MORE SHOCKING VIVIDNESS! THE WALK... THAT TERRIBLE WALK IN THE ICY FOREST... WHICH ENDED VIOLENTLY AT THE RIM OF THE PIT!

I... I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT TO LOOK INSIDE... I... I MUST SEE THE FACE!



PHIL! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! COME OUT OF IT! YOU WERE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! AND FROM THAT YELL, YOU JUST LET OUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PIP!

IT'S SURE WAS, JACK! I'M GLAD YOU WOKE ME! SORRY, I DISTURBED YOU GUYS!

THEN THERE WAS JUST THE MONOTONY, THE DULL, SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BOREDOM OF SHIPS, TRAINS, TRUCKS! BUT THE MONOTONY WAS SOON TO FLARE INTO ACTION!

SO THIS IS KOREA, PEARL OF THE ORIENT! GIMME FLATBUSH

THEY'LL GIVE US ALL PURPLE HEARTS IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SNIPER OUT THERE! COVER ME, JACK!





ANOTHER RIDGE! ANOTHER PEAK! SLOW, BLOODY WORK! SUMMER CAME, THEN AUTUMN! PHIL HAD EARNED HIS STRIPES, IN THE BAPTISM OF FIRE! THE DAYS WERE GROWING CHILLY AND WET...



CHILL TURNED TO BITING FROST, AND THE WETNESS WAS GLISTENING ICE - BEHNEATH THE UNFRIENDLY, WANING SUN!









HERE IT IS! A CASH PRIZE WINNING DREAM CHOSEN FROM AMONG THE MANY LETTERS SENT TO US FOR DRAMATIZATION AND ANALYSIS.

It is a forceful, emotional experience. The horrifying moment of an average human being trapped in a dismal world beyond reality. We've decided to call this true account

The WOMAN IN THE TOWER!

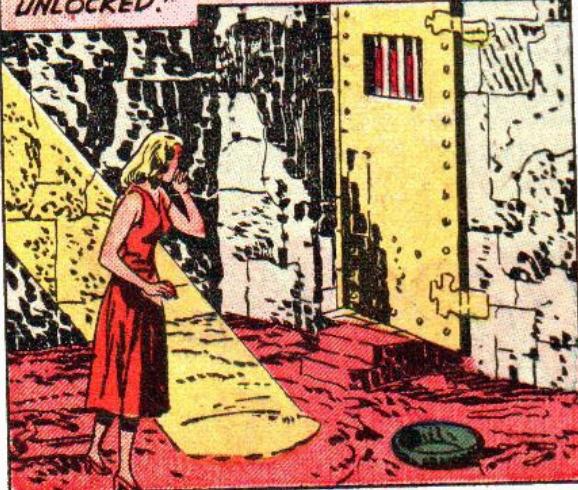


Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY

THE LETTER WAS SUBMITTED TO US BY MRS. C.C.D. OF PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA. SHE WRITES OF A RECURRING DREAM WHICH HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF DISTURBANCE TO HER FOR MANY YEARS. IT USUALLY BEGINS IN THIS MANNER...

I find myself imprisoned in one of a group of stone cells in a high tower, situated on the rocky crags of a monstrous cliff.

THE ROOM IS BARE OF ANY FURNISHINGS--
AND, ALTHOUGH IN THE DREAM I AM AWARE
THAT I AM CAPTIVE -- THERE ARE TWO TINY
STEPS LEADING TO A DOOR -- WHICH IS
UNLOCKED.



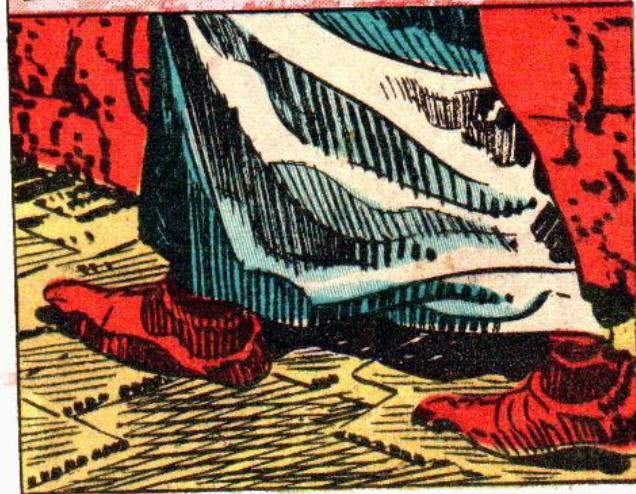
"STRANGELY ENOUGH, I NEVER TRY TO ESCAPE.
THE FEAR IS TOO STRONG.. I THINK OF MY
HUSBAND AND CALL OUT TO HIM FOR HELP!



I AM ANSWERED BY WAILING VOICES LIKE
MY OWN -- VOICES IN DISTRESS-- ECHOING
FROM THE OTHER CELLS WHICH LINE THE
SOMBER CORRIDORS OF STONE...



THE SHOUTS SUDDENLY CEASE -- STIFLED BY
THE QUICK HAND OF FEAR, AND IN THE ENSUING
SILENCE, I CAN DETECT THE FAINT APPROACH
OF FOOTSTEPS...



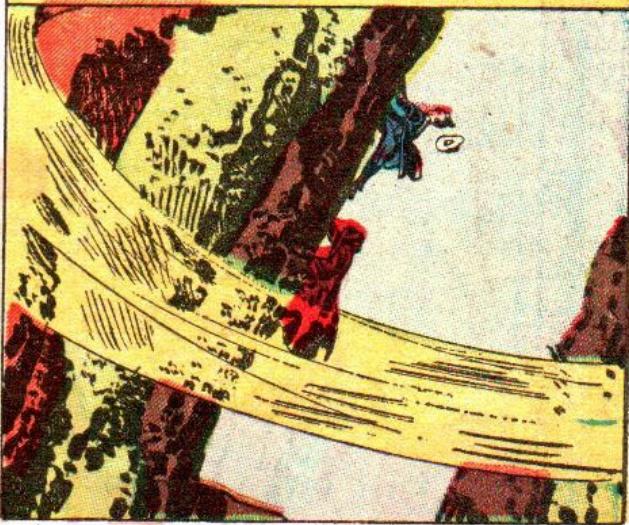
IN THE DREAM, I SEEM TO KNOW WHO IS
COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.. MY MIND DWELLS
ON THE MENACING VISION OF A MYSTERIOUS
HOODED FIGURE--MAKING ITS WAY THROUG
THE DARKNESS--TOWARD MY CELL ...



"AT THIS POINT, I HEAR THE VOICE OF MY HUSBAND REACHING ME FROM THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF. BUT IN MANY OF THESE RECURRING DREAMS, HIS SHOUTS ARE JOINED BY THOSE OF MY MOTHER WHO HAD PASSED AWAY.



"THEY ARE TRYING TO CLIMB THE SHEER WALLS OF THE CLIFF TO EFFECT MY RESCUE!



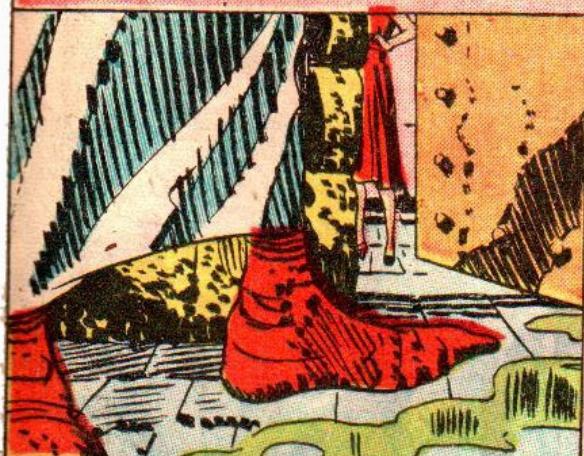
"I FEEL THE SURGE OF HOPE AND RUSH TO THE LITTLE WINDOW IN THE STONE CELL! I CAN'T LOOK OUT.. BUT, I BESEECH THEM TO HURRY!



"IN THE DARK CORRIDORS BEYOND THE STONE WALLS OF MY PRISON, THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS GROW MORE PRONOUNCED, DRAWING CLOSER -- CLOSER ...

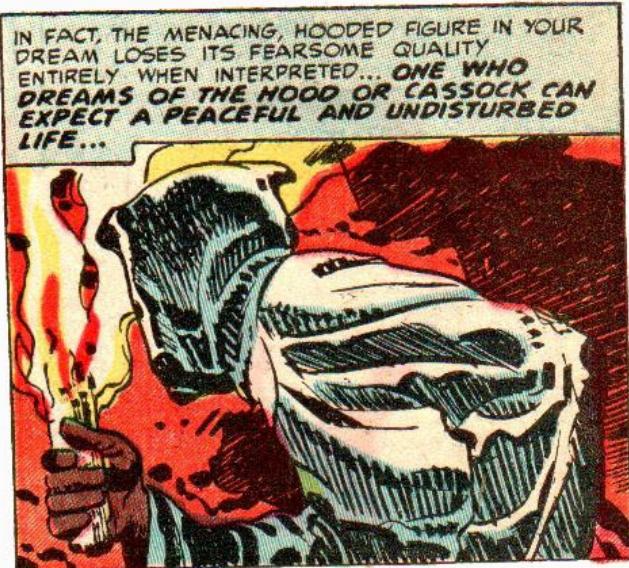
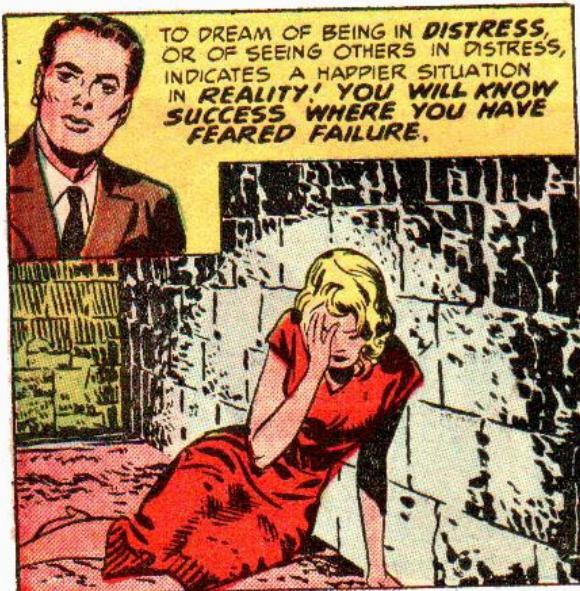
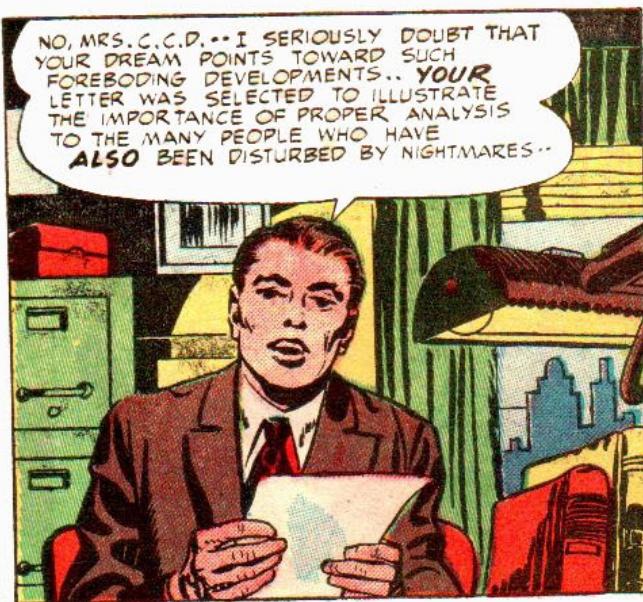
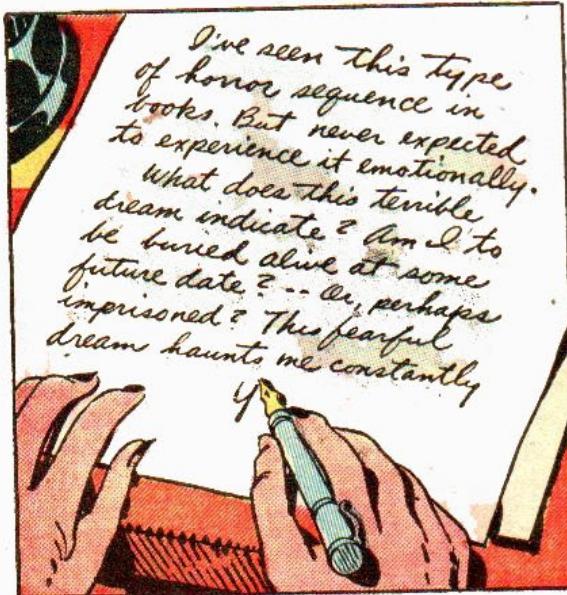


"PRECIOUS SECONDS ARE RUNNING OUT.. I AM AT THE THRESHOLD OF RESCUE FROM THE TERRIBLE, NAMELESS DANGER WHICH IS ALMOST UPON ME.. THE FOOTSTEPS HAVE STOPPED OUTSIDE MY CELL DOOR...



"THE TENSION MOUNTS TO AN IMPOSSIBLE DEGREE AND IT BECOMES A GIANT, EMOTIONAL SHOCK WAVE WHICH SWEEPS ME BACK TO REALITY. I AWAKE FROM THESE DREAMS, WITH THE TERROR OF THEM LINGERING INSIDE ME.

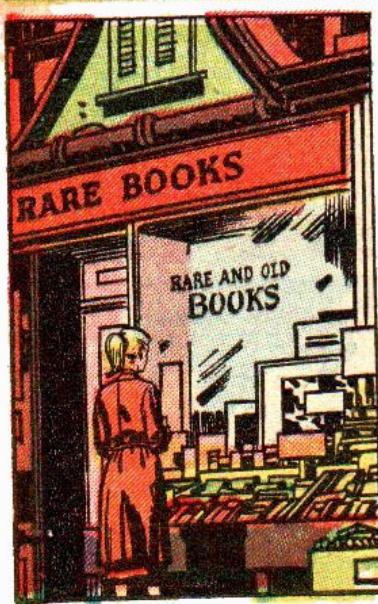
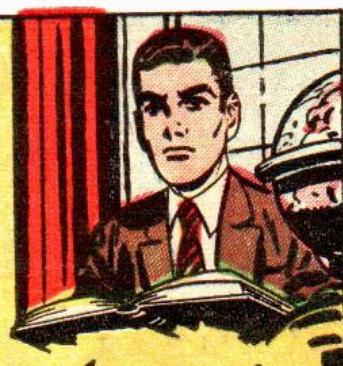


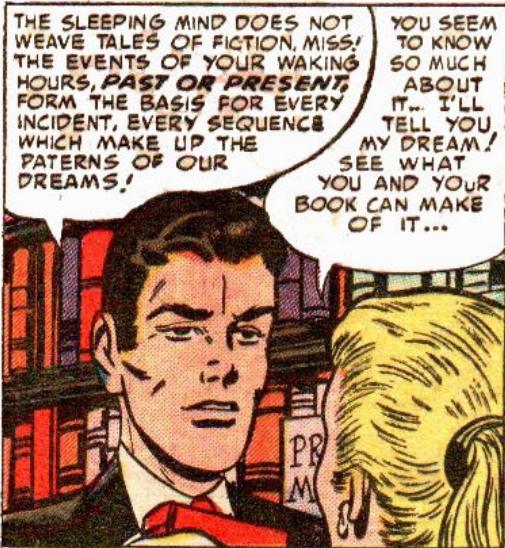


ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

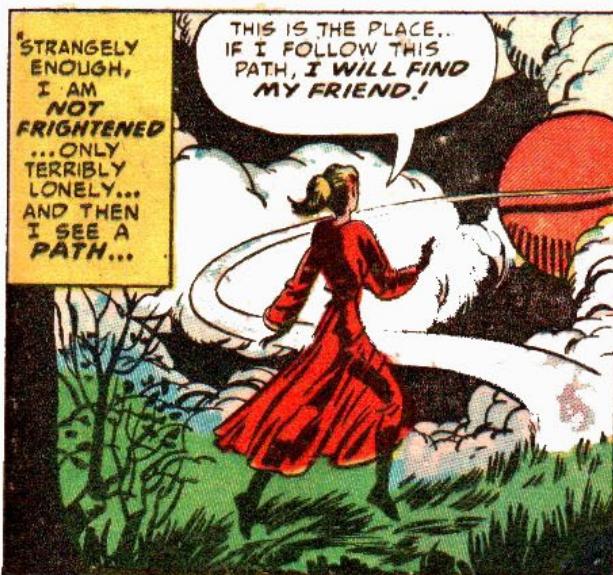
SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*



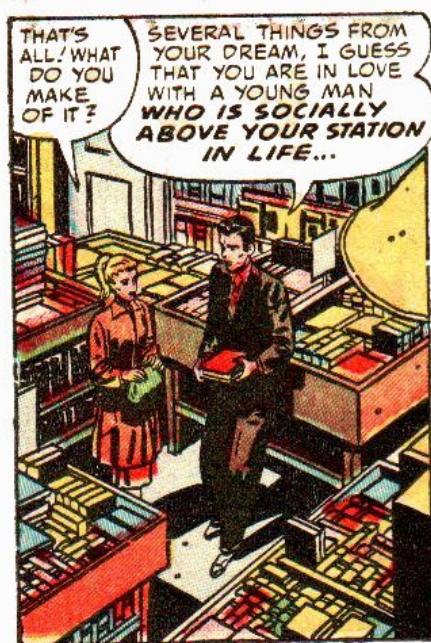


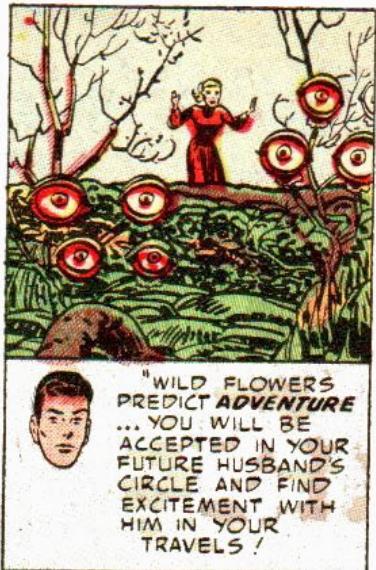
"MY NAME IS EDITH BECK," THE GIRL BEGAN. "IN MY DREAM I FIND MYSELF ROAMING THROUGH A STRANGE AND FEARSON FOREST, WHERE THE TREES ARE AWESOME MONSTERS WITH GROPING TENACLES THAT SEEM TO CLAW AT ME..."





"I PICK UP A TREE BRANCH AND FLAIL WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AT THE BEAST, DRIVING HIM AWAY."



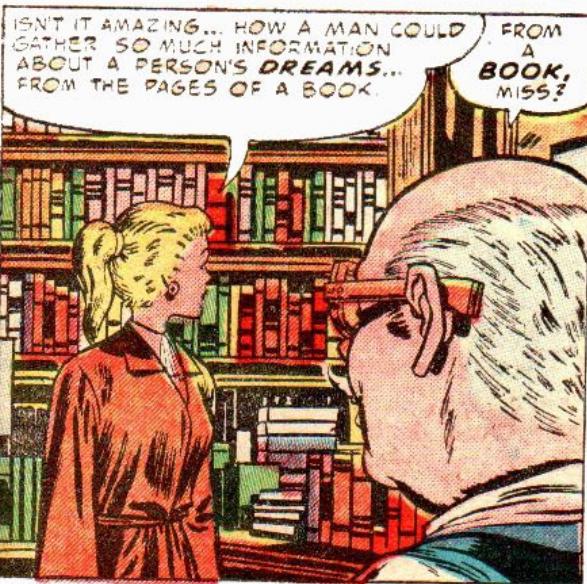


SO YOU SEE, MISS BECK, YOU HAVE A HAPPY, SERENE MARRIED LIFE TO LOOK FORWARD TO!

YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO CONVINCING... PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING TO YOUR DREAM ANALYSIS AFTER ALL...

GOOD-BYE, MISS BECK! I HOPE I HAVE SET YOUR MIND AT REST!

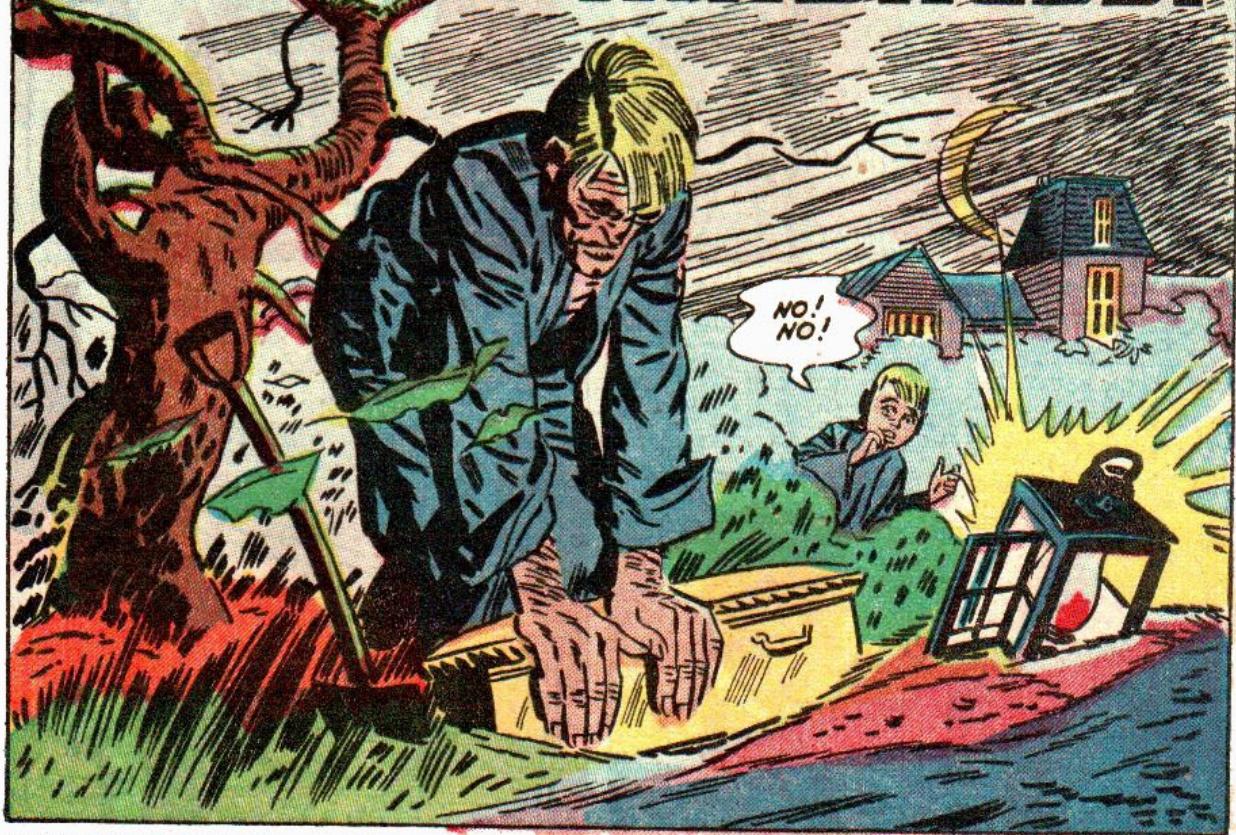
OH, YOU HAVE!... WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!



THE END

Somewhere in the darkest recesses of Walter Driscoll's mind there lurked a secret. A Secret so terrible that he had convinced himself it did not exist. But it did exist -- To torment him, to drive him at last to the

EDGE OF MADNESS!



ACTUALLY, THE CASE OF WALTER DRISCOLL WAS PURE ACCIDENT. WALTER DRISCOLL NEVER CAME TO MY OFFICE. I MET HIM DURING ONE OF MY INFREQUENT VACATIONS, A FISHING TRIP WHICH I TOOK WITH AN OLD FRIEND, ED SAWYER. ED NEVER HAS FULLY ADJUSTED HIMSELF TO MY FINDINGS.

I TELL YOU, ED, DREAMS ARE NOT JUST VAGUE, CHAOTIC RAMBLINGS OF THE MIND! EVERY CASE I'VE EVER HANDLED, EVERY DREAM I'VE EVER ANALYZED, HAS HAD A BASIS IN SOLID FACT!

OF COURSE! LIKE CHEESE AND LC³STER BEFORE GOING TO BED! COME ON, DICK. GRANTED THAT DREAMS ARE BASED ON FACT YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THIS STUDY OF YOURS DOES HAVE BLIND ALLEYS!

SOME, YES. BUT, BLIND ONLY BECAUSE THE KEY IS MISSING. LET ME ONCE FIND THAT KEY AND I'LL FIND THE BASIS FOR ANY DREAM -- OR MY NAME ISN'T RICHARD TEMPLE!



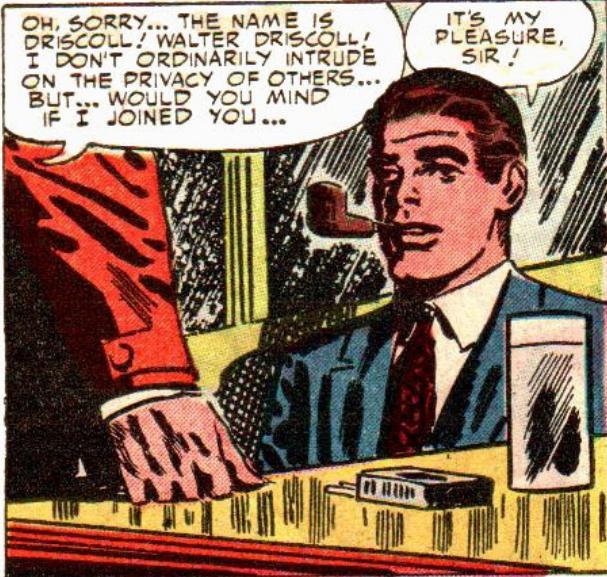
IT WAS WHEN HE HEARD MY NAME, THAT THE MAN APPROACHED US! A MAN WHOSE EYES SMOLDERED WITH THE FIRES OF INNER PAIN.

FORGIVE ME, MR. TEMPLE! I'M AFRAID I... I'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING! I... I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING ABOUT... THE KEY TO DREAMS...

I STAND FIRMLY ON THAT STATEMENT, MISTER... ER...

OH, SORRY... THE NAME IS DRISCOLL! WALTER DRISCOLL, I DON'T ORDINARILY INTRUDE ON THE PRIVACY OF OTHERS... BUT... WOULD YOU MIND IF I JOINED YOU...

IT'S MY PLEASURE, SIR!



THERE WAS THE DARK PALL OF FEAR IN THE MAN'S SHIFTY RESTLESSNESS! WHATEVER HE WAS READY TO DIVULGE HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN PLAGUING HIM TO THE BREAKING POINT!

I... I KNOW THIS WILL SEEM ODD TO YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, MR. TEMPLE. PERHAPS I... I SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOU AT YOUR OFFICE! BUT.. I WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THE COURAGE! PLEASE... UNDERSTAND...

IF YOU BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU, WHY PLEASE CONSIDER ME AT YOUR SERVICE!



YOU CAN HELP ME! I NEED HELP, MR. TEMPLE! THAT'S WHY I ACTED ON MY IMPULSE TO SPEAK TO YOU! LOOK AT ME, MR. TEMPLE! I'M A MAN WHO HAS LIVED WITH A HORRID DREAM FOR THIRTY YEARS...



IT WAS WHEN THE THREE OF US WERE SEATED IN MY COMPARTMENT THAT DRISCOLL SEEMED TO RELAX... AT EASE TO BEGIN HIS NARRATIVE!

MAY I... TELL YOU, MY DREAM, MR. TEMPLE? THE DECISION RESTS WITH YOU, SIR! MY JOB IS TO LISTEN AND ANALYZE! I PROMISE NOTHING BEYOND THAT!

FAIR ENOUGH! YOUR FRIEND, MISTER SAWYER, MAY STAY IF HE LIKES. I DON'T MIND IF THE ENTIRE WORLD HEARS THIS. I'M TIRED OF KEEPING IT TO MYSELF!

VERY WELL! JUST BEGIN, MISTER DRISCOLL! YOU NEEDN'T ADDRESS EITHER OF US! JUST SPEAK YOUR MIND...

IT BEGAN LONG AGO! SO LONG AGO THAT WALTER DRISCOLL WAS NOT CERTAIN OF JUST WHEN IT STARTED! BUT, ALWAYS THE DREAM BEGAN IN THE SAME WAY... WITH DRISCOLL AS A YOUNG, FRIGHTENED BOY!



2

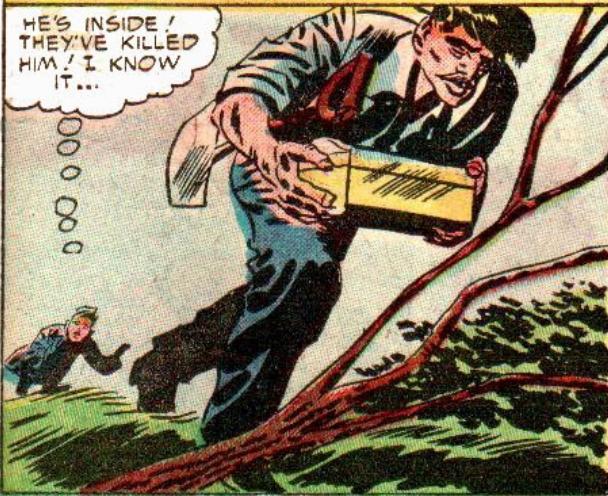
ALWAYS THERE WERE THOSE WORDS! THEY MUSTN'T! THE WORDS AND THE HUGE STAIRS! ALWAYS WALTER DRISCOLL TRIED TO RUN UP THOSE STAIRS! AND, ALWAYS, HIS PROGRESS WAS SLOW... AGONIZINGLY SLOW!



EVERYTHING SEEMED HUGE AND DARK, AND TINY WALTER DRISCOLL CREST BACK DOWN THOSE TREMENDOUS STAIRS HUDDLED IN A CORNER WHERE GRIM SHADOWS DANCED... AND, THEN, THERE WERE FOOT- STEPS...



FOOTSTEPS... AND A MAN CARRYING SOMETHING... A CHEST... OR COFFER! THE TERRIFIED BOY FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THE TRUDGING GIANT!



A SMALL BOY IN A WORLD OF TERROR! WATCHING A COFFIN BEING BURIED! AND, THEN CREEPING AFTER A MAN TO A HOUSE OF MANY GABLES THAT LEERED IN THE DARKNESS!

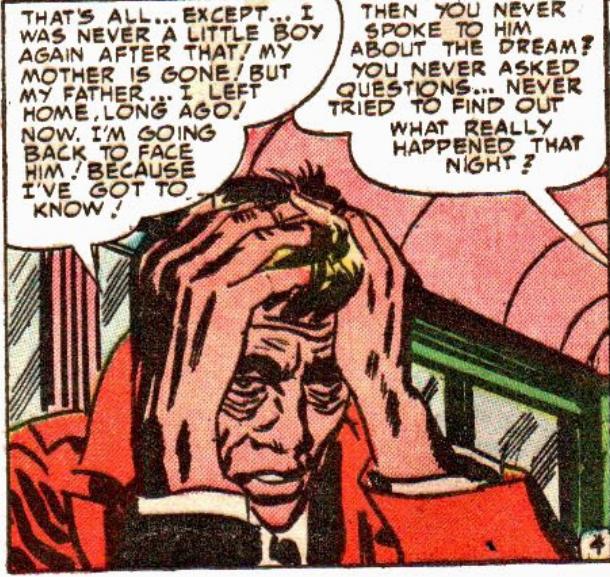


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THE MAN'S EYES WERE TERRIBLE IN THE DARKNESS, BUT THE BOY ANGRILY SURGED UP THOSE GREAT STAIRS... AND LOST HIS BALANCE...



ALWAYS, THERE WAS A BREAK IN THE DREAM, AN AWAKENING WITHIN THE WORLD OF SLEEP... WHEN THE BOY WOULD ENCOUNTER A NEW SHOCK...



HOW COULD I? HOW COULD I ASK MY FATHER... IF HE WAS A MURDERER! I'M NOT SURE IT WASN'T A DREAM? I TRIED TO FORGET, BUT IT COMES BACK! EVERY NIGHT! IT'S GOT TO STOP! IT'S GOT TO!

DURING THE NEXT HOUR WALTER DRISCOLL ANSWERED QUESTIONS; HIS ANSWERS WERE SOMETIMES CONFUSED, BUT OUT OF ALL THE UNCERTAINTIES, SOME FACTS DID EMERGE! THEY WERE AS FOLLOWS:

ALWAYS, IN THE DREAM, DRISCOLL WAS A SMALL BOY!

THE HOUSE! OLD FASHIONED, OUT-DATED!



THE DOOR WHICH HAD SHUT DRISCOLL AWAY FROM HIS PARENTS!

THE COFFIN... CONTAINING THE BODY OF WHOM DRISCOLL, IN HIS DREAM, HAD CALLED "TIM"!

A BRIEF STUDY OF THESE CLUES PRODUCED TWO SALIENT POINTS! THE TIME... THE YEAR, IN WHICH THE DREAM HAD BEGUN... AND THE NAME TIM.

TELL ME, MR. DRISCOLL... WHO WAS TIM?

I DON'T KNOW! ONLY THAT HE WAS A FRIEND, OR A CLOSE RELATIVE! SOMEONE I LOVED DEARLY! SOMEONE... I... I CAN'T REMEMBER...



WELL, WE SEEM TO HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR STATION!

YES! VERY WELL, MR. DRISCOLL! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME DIGEST THE FACTS. MEANWHILE, I'D SAY NOTHING TO YOUR FATHER IF I WERE YOU! YOU'LL BE STAYING WITH HIM, I PRESUME?

YES! I'LL WRITE OUT THE ADDRESS FOR YOU! DAD HAS LIVED IN TOWN EVER SINCE... I LEFT HOME! YOU CAN REACH ME AT HIS PLACE!



WELL! THERE'S A POSER FOR YOU, MR. STUDENT OF DREAMS! YOU SAY ALL DREAMS ARE BASED ON FACT... AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHICH PART OF HIS DREAM IS FACT AND WHICH IS DREAM!

DRISCOLL IS A VERY UNHAPPY MAN, ED... A DANGEROUSLY UNHAPPY MAN! DANGEROUS BECAUSE THE DREAM AND THE FACTS ARE CONFUSED! I PROPOSE TO CLEAR IT UP FOR HIM!

BUT... HOW? YOU HAVE NOTHING TO GO ON! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

ON THE CONTRARY, I HAVE A GREAT DEAL! I'M AFRAID OUR FISHING TRIP WILL HAVE TO WAIT, ED! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! A JOB THAT MAY MEAN SAVING A MAN'S PEACE OF MIND!

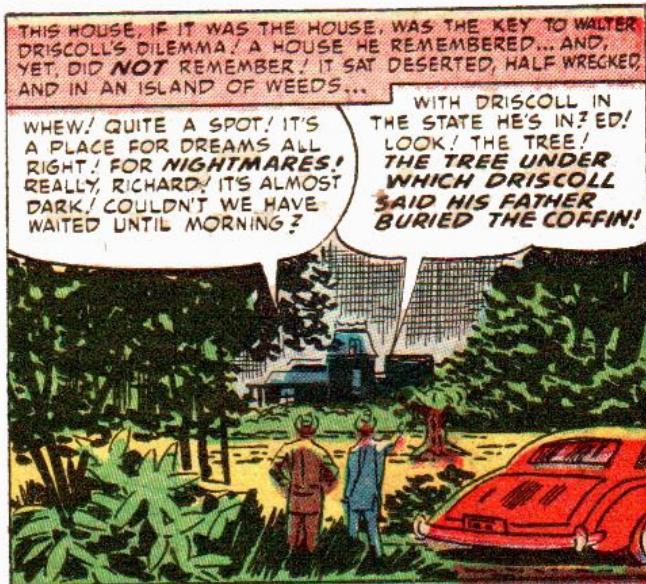


PERHAPS THE STRONGEST SINGLE ITEM ABOUT WALTER DRISCOLL'S NARRATIVE HAD BEEN THE STRESS ON TIME! TIME AND A HOUSE HE HAD SEEMED INTIMATELY FAMILIAR WITH. THAT, IN THIS CASE, WAS THE KEY!

AH.. HERE WE ARE! 1919! AARON DRISCOLL, DEEDED OWNER... FUNNY, I NEVER KNEW OLD DRISCOLL OWNED THAT PROPERTY... BUT, THEN, I WASN'T THE TOWN RECORDS CLERK AWAY BACK THEN!



PROPERTY? WHAT PROPERTY? A HOUSE, ED! A HOUSE THAT PROBABLY SITS IN THE MIDST OF QUITE AN ESTATE!

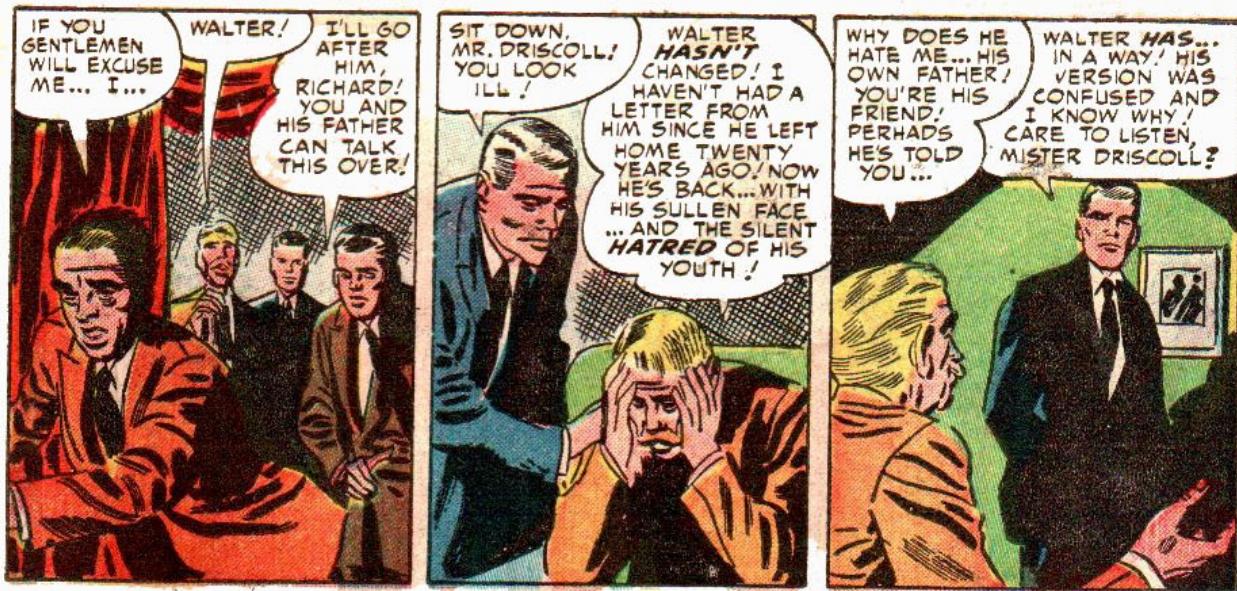


WE HAD THE ANSWER... THE KEY, TO DRISCOLL'S PROBLEM! OUR NEXT MOVE WAS TO SEE DRISCOLL AT HIS FATHER'S HOUSE IN TOWN!



WALTER DRISCOLL HAD NOT ASKED HIS FATHER THE QUESTION WHICH HAD TORMENTED HIM FOR SO LONG! THAT MUCH WAS OBVIOUS!





THERE WERE MANY THINGS IN AARON DRISCOLL'S FACE AS WE TALKED! HORROR, PITY, SORROW! BUT THERE WAS STRENGTH IN HIM! AFTERWARD, HE CALLED HIS SON... AND WE WENT OUTSIDE!





You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

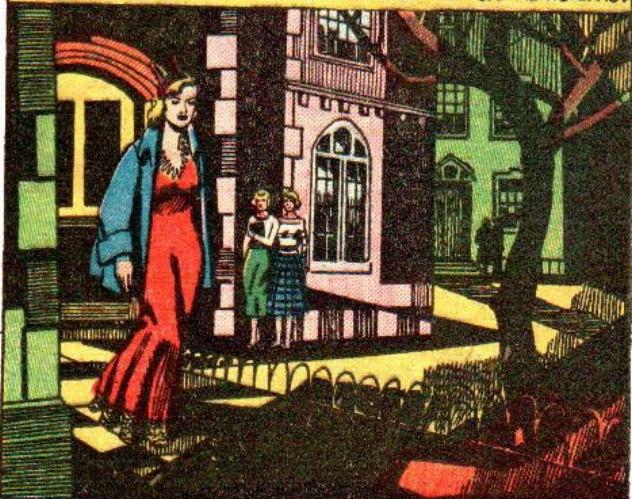
A STUDENT AT ONE OF OUR UNIVERSITIES, PATRICIA S., HAS ASKED ME TO ANALYZE HER DREAM. MISS S. IS A SENIOR AND FROM WHAT SHE HAS TOLD ME IN HER LETTER, QUITE ATTRACTIVE! IN FACT, SHE MADE THAT POINT QUITE **POSITIVE!** AS A RESULT, ANALYSIS OF HER DREAM BECOMES ALMOST ACADEMIC ...



"ACTUALLY" WRITES MISS S. "MY DREAM IS SIMPLY RIDICULOUS! AND CERTAINLY I AM **NOT** A RIDICULOUS PERSON!"



"A NIGHTGOWN, A COAT AND A HAT! THAT IS HOW I FIND MYSELF WALKING ACROSS THE CAMPUS! THE OTHER STUDENTS POINT AND LAUGH! YET TO ME IT SEEMS QUITE NORMAL!"



"I HEAD FOR THE GYMNASIUM ... WHERE THE INSTRUCTRESS GLARES AT ME..."



"PATRICIA! YES? IS SOMETHING WRONG?"

PATRICIA! COME DOWN! COME DOWN THIS INSTANT! HOW DARE YOU MAKE SUCH A SPECTACLE OF YOURSELF! COME DOWN AT ONCE, OR I - I'LL HAVE YOU EXPELLED!"





HOW the STARS AFFECT YOUR JOB

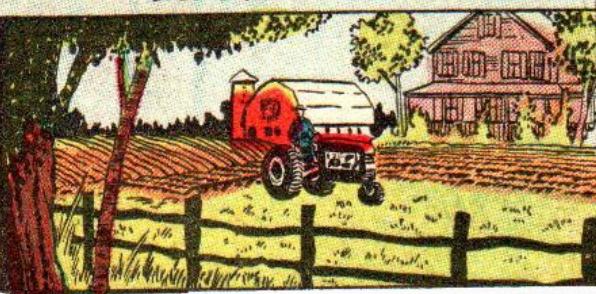
ARE YOU UNHAPPY IN YOUR PRESENT JOB? WOULD YOU LIKE TO IMPROVE YOURSELF? STUDY THESE SIGNS OF THE STARS -- THEY MAY GIVE YOU A VALUABLE CLUE IN DETERMINING YOUR TALENTS.

TAURUS PEOPLE ARE GIFTED WITH A "GREEN THUMB" THE EXPRESSIVE TRADE TERM FOR AN INSTINCTIVE UNDERSTANDING OF FARMING. IF YOU WERE BORN IN THIS PERIOD YOU WILL MAKE AN ABLE GARDENER OR FLORIST - A SUCCESSFUL BREEDER OF ANIMALS AND POULTRY.



APRIL 20 -

MAY 20



GEMINI PERSON WILL BE MOST SUCCESSFUL IN THE PUBLISHING, RADIO OR ADVERTISING FIELDS. A GEMINI IS WELL SUITED FOR NEWSPAPER REPORTING -



MAY 21 - JUNE 21



CANCER -- YOU HAVE A SENSITIVE NATURE - YOU WILL DO WELL AS AN ARTIST, POET, SCULPTOR -- ANY FIELD THAT WILL AFFORD AN OUTLET FOR YOUR CREATIVE TALENTS.



JUNE 22 - JULY 22



LEO -- SHOW BUSINESS IS YOUR BEST BET! YOU HAVE A COLORFUL, DOMINANT PERSONALITY THAT WILL STAND YOU IN GOOD STEAD AS AN ACTOR, AGENT OR PRODUCER!



JULY 23 - AUG. 23



LIBRA PEOPLE ARE BLESSED WITH GRACE AND CHARM. THEY BECOME BEAUTIFUL DANCERS AND FINE MUSICIANS. MANY GREAT PAINTERS WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF LIBRA.



SEPT. 24 - OCT. 25



SCORPIO PEOPLE HAVE A NATURAL INQUISITIVE NATURE, FITTING THEM WELL FOR A CAREER IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. IF YOU WERE BORN IN THIS PERIOD YOU WILL DO WELL AS A CHEMIST, ENGINEER, DOCTOR OR DENTIST.



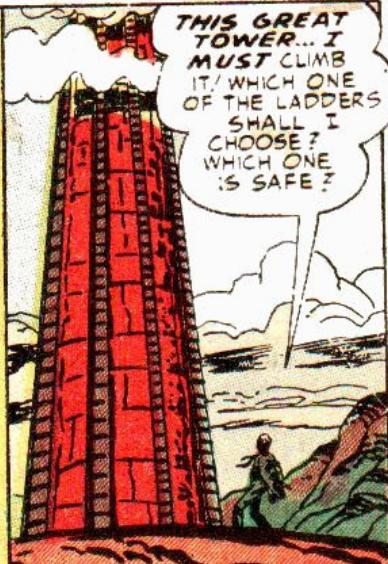
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22



You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

"DEAR MR. TEMPLE," WRITES MR. R... "LIKE EVERY OTHER SELF MADE MAN WHO'S MADE A SUCCESS OF BUSINESS, I'VE ALWAYS LIVED BY PRINCIPLES FOUNDED ON LOGIC... HOWEVER, I FIND MYSELF INTRIGUED BY A DREAM I HAD! IF THERE IS A HIDDEN LOGIC BEHIND THIS DREAM, I'D LIKE IT EXPLAINED! THE DREAM BEGAN IN THIS MANNER!"



"ONE AFTER THE OTHER, I TRY THE LADDERS AND INvariably THE BOTTOM RUNGS SNAP! I GROW FRANTIC! FOR SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT I MUST CLIMB! THAT I MUST REACH THAT GOLDEN SOMETHING HIGH ABOVE ME!"

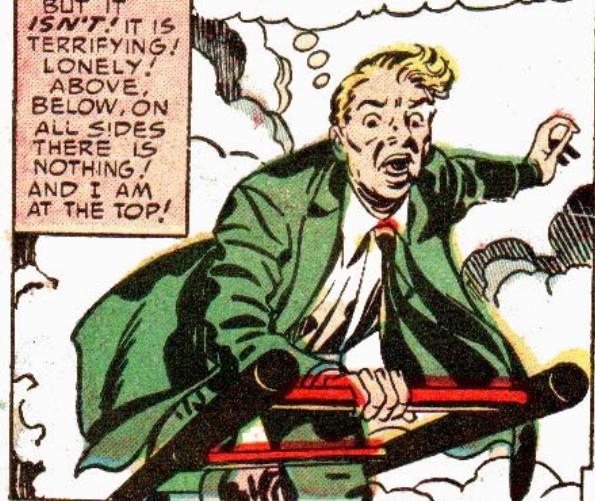


"THEN, REALIZATION STRIKES! THE LADDER DOES NOT TOUCH THE WALL OF THE TOWER! IT GOES STRAIGHT UP... INTO NOTHINGNESS! NOTHINGNESS ABOVE AND BELOW."



IT SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL UP THERE, BUT IT ISN'T! IT IS TERRIFYING! LONELY! ABOVE, BELOW, ON ALL SIDES THERE IS NOTHING! AND I AM AT THE TOP!

NO MORE RUNGS! NO MORE... AND THE LADDER... IT'S SWAYING!



IN A MOMENT I WILL FALL! I KNOW THAT AND I CLUTCH FRANTICALLY AT THE RUNGS! BUT THEY AREN'T THERE! THEY'RE GONE... AND THE LADDER SWAYS, DIVIDES...

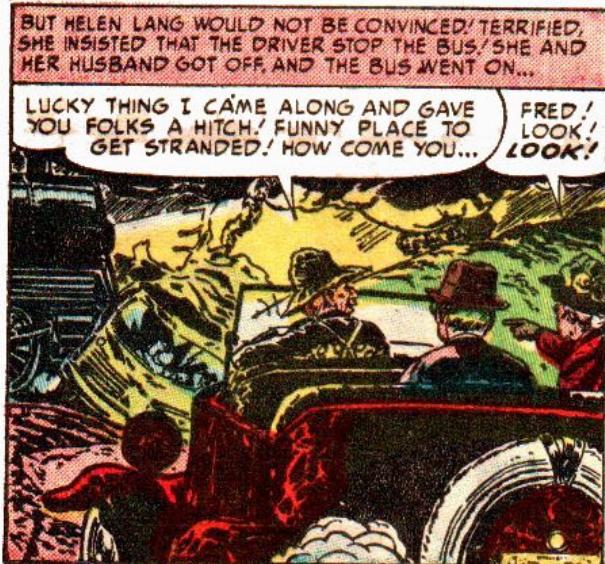
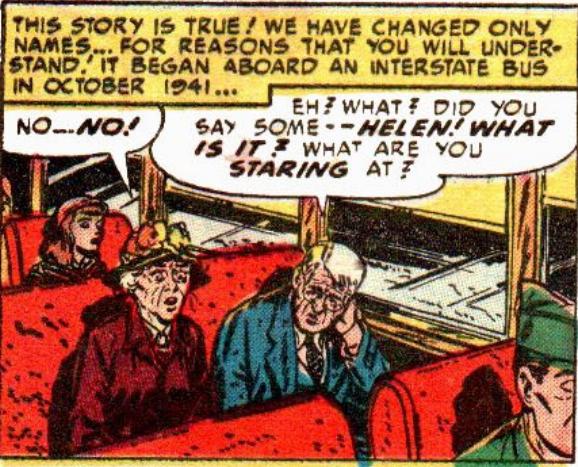
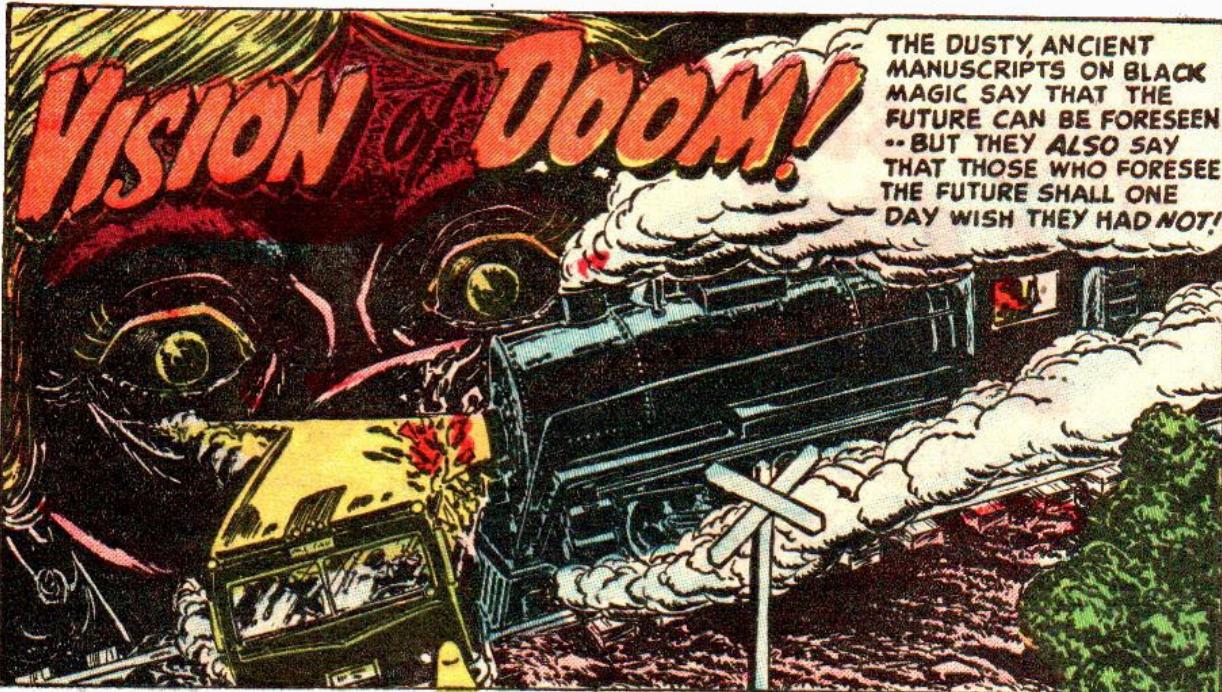


"BUT I AM FALLING! FASTER! FASTER! IN A MOMENT THERE WILL BE THE CRASH! THE FINAL OBLITERATION! I WAIT... AND I WAKE UP! MR. TEMPLE, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

MR. R. WRITES THAT DESPITE HIS HUMBLE BEGINNING, HE IS A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN... HE IS ATTEMPTING TO ACHIEVE SOMETHING... SECURITY, PROBABLY! HE CLIMBS AND AT THE TOP, THE LONELINESS FRIGHTENS HIM... HE LOSES HIS NERVE!

DESPITE YOUR SUCCESS, MR. R. YOU HAVE NOT ATTAINED CONFIDENCE IN YOUR ABILITIES! BANISH YOUR FEAR, AND YOU WILL BANISH YOUR DREAM!





You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED THAT YOU WERE A CHILD AGAIN? PROBABLY! MOST PEOPLE HAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER! BUT, INTERPRETATION OF THIS DREAM VARIES WITH THE INDIVIDUAL! IN THIS CASE THE DREAMER WAS JOHN W. OF BOSTON! HE WRITES...



"NOT LONG AGO DURING A SIEGE OF ILLNESS, I HAD A DISTURBING DREAM! I AM A BACHELOR AND HAVE FEW FRIENDS... NONE OF WHOM CAN EXPLAIN IT! THIS IS HOW THE DREAM BEGAN!"

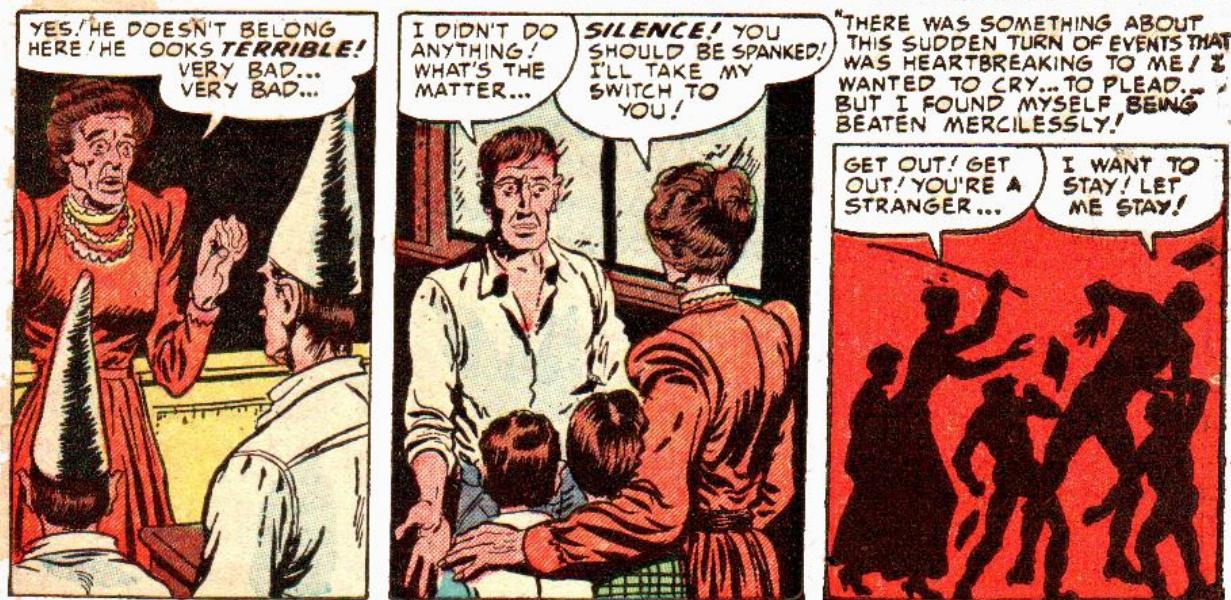
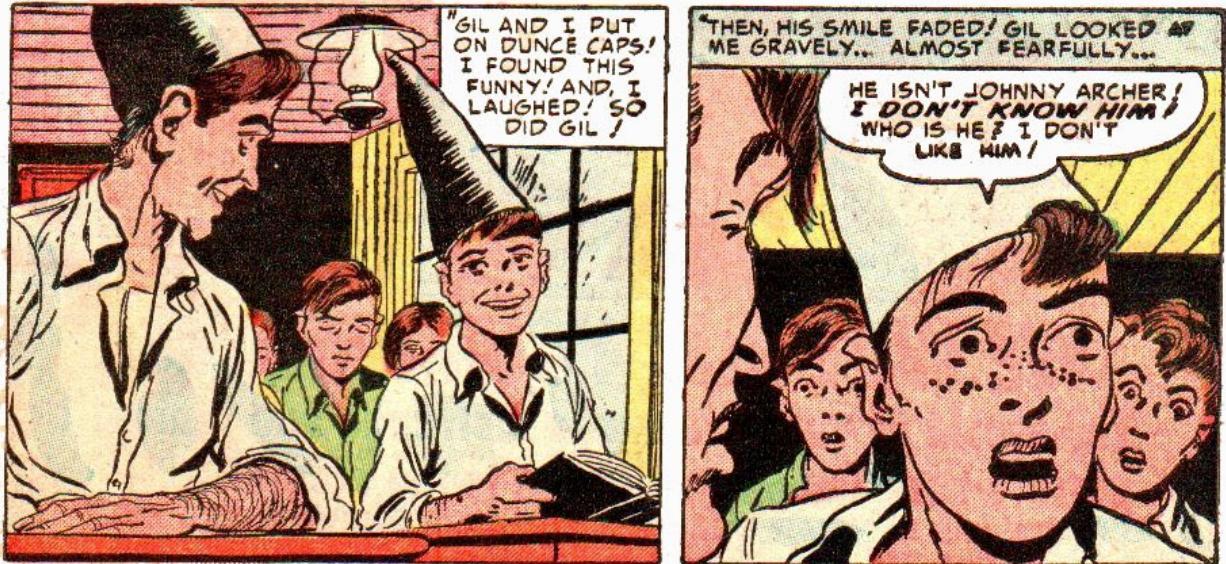
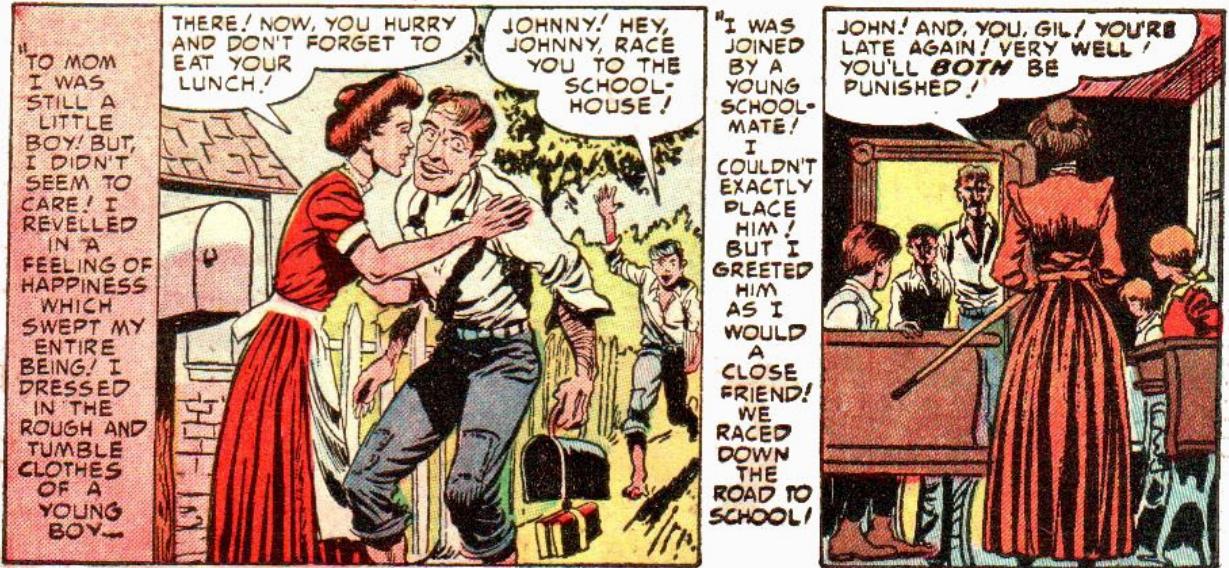


"EVEN, IN THE DREAM, I REALIZED THAT SHE'D BEEN DEAD THESE MANY YEARS... AND, SEEING HER AGAIN FILLED ME WITH A GLADNESS THAT IS HARD TO DISCRIIBE!"



THERE! SEE? NONSENSE! GET ON WITH IT... OR I'LL PADDLE YOU! WHAT WILL YOU YOUNGSTERS THINK OF NEXT?





"SUDDENLY, THE SCENE CHANGED.
I STOOD ALONE IN THE CRUMBLED
RUINS OF MY BOYHOOD HOME --
THE DESOLATION AND DESPAIR
LINGERED LONG AFTER I AWOKE..."



SO, MR. W'S DREAM CLOSES WITH
LONELINESS, EMPTINESS, HE
WRITES THAT HE IS A BACHELOR,
THAT HE HAS FEW FRIENDS —
AND HIS DREAM BEARS HIM
OUT! MR. W. HAS REGRESSED —
GONE BACK TO HIS CHILDHOOD —
TO FIND THE LOVE AND
COMPANIONSHIP HE DOES NOT
HAVE AS AN ADULT. HE IS A
LONELY MAN. BUT, INSTEAD OF
SEEKING LOVE AND
COMPANIONSHIP, IN THE
PRESENT,



...HE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE
TO THE PAST — AND HE IS
DRIVEN OUT! YOU ARE A
MATURE MAN PHYSICALLY
MR. W. WHY NOT ATTEMPT
TO GROW UP EMOTIONALLY
AS WELL? EXPAND YOUR
LIFE! FIND MORE
FRIENDS — PERHAPS
SOMEONE TO LOVE —
AND THIS DREAM WILL
NEVER RETURN AGAIN!



George Dumont entered the shadow world of dreams-- and saw a horror! Then he had to return to that world to save his own life! He had to relive his dream to face a killer and beg him:

**SHOW
YOUR
FACE!**

*COME! COME CLOSER!
I KNOW THAT YOU WILL
KILL ME! BUT I MUST
SEE YOUR FACE!
I MUST!*

Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

GEORGE DUMONT SAW IT HAPPEN-- IN HIS DREAM! ON A HOT HUMID NIGHT IN 1901 HE WALKED THE SHADOWER STREETS OF MONTMARTRE . . . AND HE SAW THE KILLING! BUT FIRST HE HEARD THE SCREAMS!

PLEASE! IN THE NAME OF MERCY! DON'T!

IN THAT ALLEY--A WOMAN! AND SHE IS AFRAID! SO AFRAID THAT IT MAKES HER VOICE RASP LIKE A FILE ON A SLATE!

HE HEARD, AND BECAUSE HE WAS AN ARTIST AND A MAN OF MORBID MOODS HE SAVORED THE NOTE OF FEAR THAT HUNG ON THE HUMID NIGHT--UNTIL THAT NOTE CHANGED TO A SHRIEK OF AGONY!

NO-OOO!

THE ALLEY WAS ALIVE WITH REACHING FINGERS OF BLACKNESS! BUT GEORGE DUMONT WAS A MAN WHO DEALT IN THE MACABRE! THIS NEW SOUND DREW HIM LIKE A MAGNET... AND HE SAW...

MURDER! IT IS MURDER! HORRIBLE... AND YET WHAT A PICTURE IT WOULD MAKE! THE MOONLIGHT GLEAMING ON THE KNIFE, THE SHADOWS... MAGNIFICENT!



YOU SAW! I LOVED HER... BUT SHE WOULD HAVE NONE OF ME! SHE DROVE ME TO IT! I HAD TO KILL HER! I HAD TO!

BUT YOU WILL GAIN NOTHING BY KILLING ME, ALSO! STAND BACK! STAND BACK!



GEORGE DUMONT WANTED TO RUN! BUT HIS LEGS WERE SUDDENLY LEAD! HE COULD NOT MOVE! WHEN HE RAISED HIS VOICE AGAIN IT WAS IN A SHRIEK OF PURE DESPAIR!

NO! NO... NO...



GEORGE! GEORGE! NAME OF A NAME! YOU SCREAM LIKE A STUCK PIG! I HEARD YOU EVEN FROM MY STUDIO DOWN-STAIRS! WAKE UP!

EMILE! YOU... I DREAMED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO DIE! I SAW A WOMAN MURDERED AND THE MAN WHO KILLED HER WAS ABOUT TO KILL ME!



MAN! YOU SOUNDED MORE AS THOUGH IT WERE BEELZEBUB HIMSELF! WHAT MAN?

I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE! A GREAT, HULKING BRUTE WITH RED HAIR ON HIS KNUCKLES! HOLDING A LONG KNIFE! I WAS TERRIFIED... AND YET... FASCINATED!



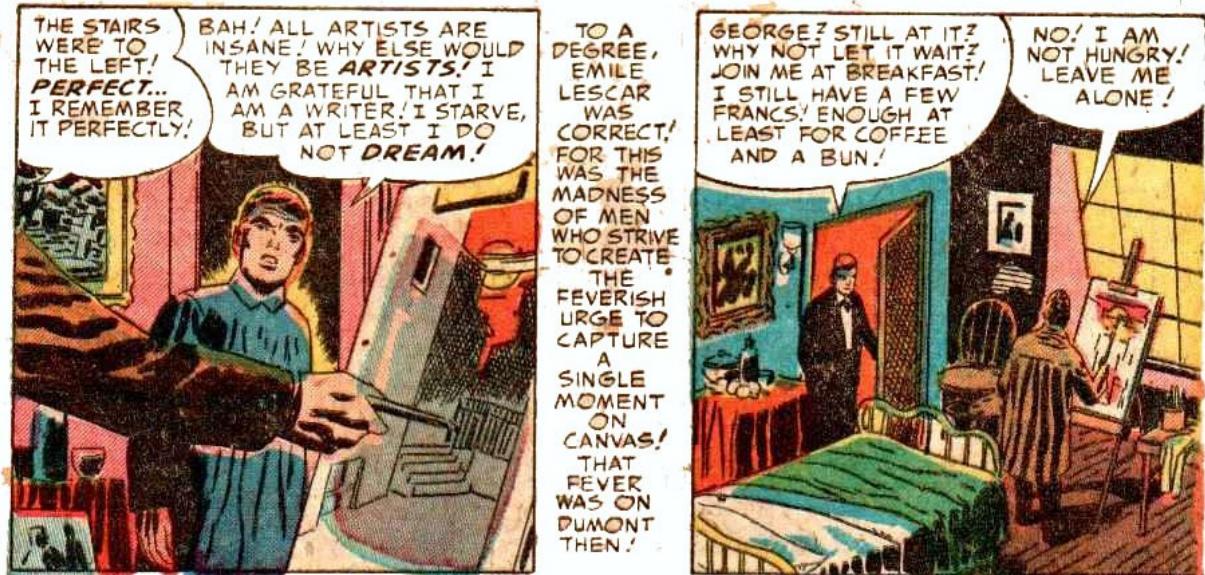
OUI! THERE IS FASCINATION IN TERROR... FOR SOME! YOU DWELL TOO MUCH ON THE SEAMY SIDE OF LIFE, MON AMI!

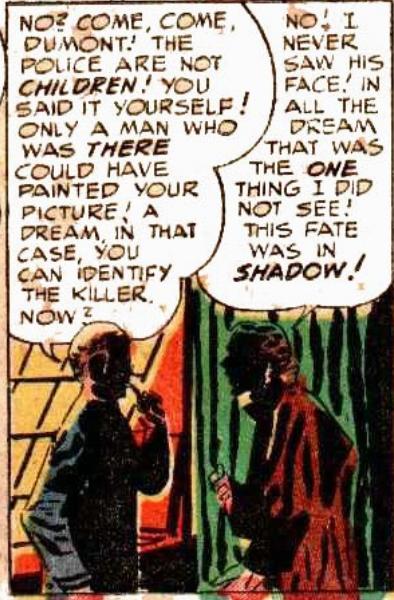
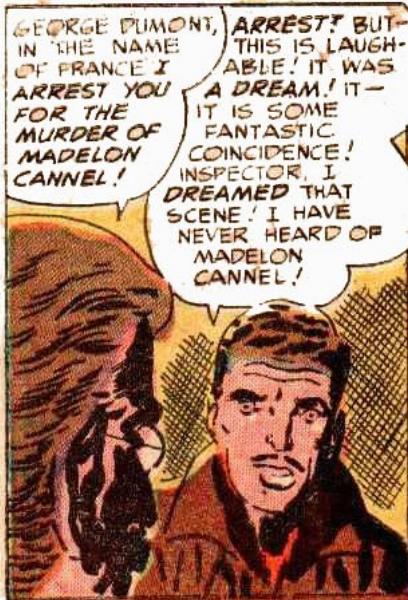
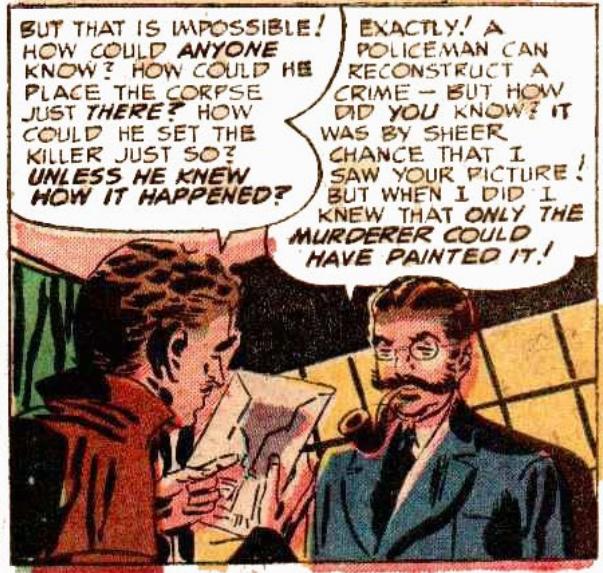
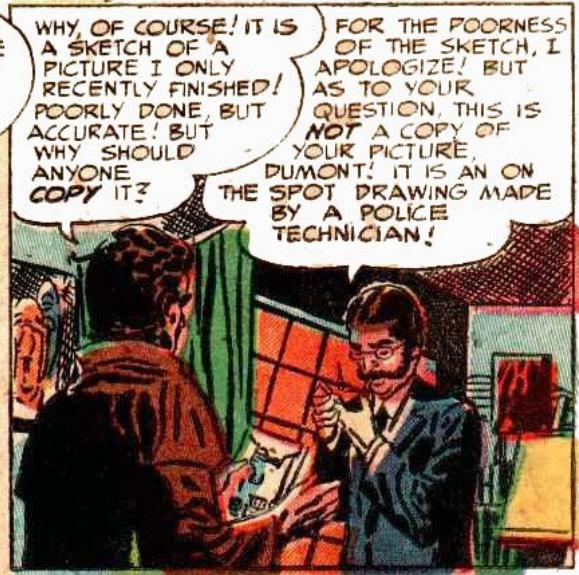
NO, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! MY FASCINATION WAS NOT THE FASCINATION OF TERROR ALONE!

THE ALLEY, THE STAIRS, THE SCABBY WALLS... EVERYTHING, EVEN THE SHADOWS, DREW THE EYE TO THE HEART OF SCENE! I MUST REMEMBER IT ALL! I MUST PUT IT ON CANVAS!

AT FOUR IN THE MORNING? YOU ARE MAD!







DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK, THE POLICE HAMMERED AT GEORGE DUMONT! THEY COULD FIND NO CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND MADELON CANTEL! NONE EXISTED! BUT HIS PICTURE DID! IT WAS EVIDENCE!

BUT I HAVE TOLD YOU! ON THE NIGHT WHEN MADELON CANTEL DIED, GEORGE DUMONT WAS AT HOME! I SWEAR THAT HE WAS WITH HIM!

AT FOUR O'CLOCK! BUT CAN YOU SWEAR AS TO DUMONT'S WHEREABOUTS BEFORE FOUR OCLOCK THAT NIGHT? CAN YOU SWEAR THAT HE WAS NOT OUT COMMITTING THE MURDER HE AFTERWARD PUT ON THAT CANVAS?

BUT EMILE LESCAR COULD NOT SWEAR TO THAT! FROM THE BEGINNING, DUMONT WAS LICKED! IT WAS AN EASY MATTER FOR THE PROSECUTION TO CONFUSE HIM, TO TWIST HIS WORDS!

THEN YOU STILL INSIST, M'SIEUR, IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAW THE ALLEY DE SOL! YOU SAW MADELON CANTEL STABBED! YOU SAW THE MURDERER!

I SAW IT ALL! EVERY DETAIL WAS BURNED INTO MY BRAIN!

EVERY DETAIL EXCEPT ONE, THE MURDERER'S FACE! THAT, YOU VERY CONVENIENTLY DID NOT SEE! WHY, M'SIEUR DUMONT? WHY DID EVERY DETAIL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR BRAIN EXCEPT THAT SEE HIS FACE! ONE?

I ONLY KNOW THAT I AM TELLING THE TRUTH! I DID NOT KNOW WHY!

BUT I DO! BECAUSE YOU WERE THAT MURDERER! BECAUSE YOU KILLED A GIRL AND THEN DECIDED TO PROFIT BY YOUR CRIME! YOU PAINTED THE SCENE EXACTLY AS YOU HAD LIVED IT!

NO! THAT IS NOT TRUE! I AM INNOCENT! INNOCENT! I DID NOT KILL MADELON CANTEL, I DID NOT

THAT TRIAL WAS A CAUSE CELEBRE! PARIS WAS HUNG ON EVERY WORD! BUT THE END WAS NEVER IN DOUBT! THE FRENCH ARE A PRACTICAL, HARDHEADED RACE! WHAT FRENCHMAN COULD BELIEVE DUMONT'S TALE?

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY! THEREFORE YOU SHALL BE TAKEN TO LAZAR PRISON AND FROM THENCE TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION! I COMMEND YOUR SOUL TO PEACE!

JOURNAL TO DIE!
NEWS DEA
PARIS EXPRESS
DUMONT TO GO TO GUILLOTINE!
TRIAL OF GEORGE DUMONT ENDS IN DEATH SENTENCE

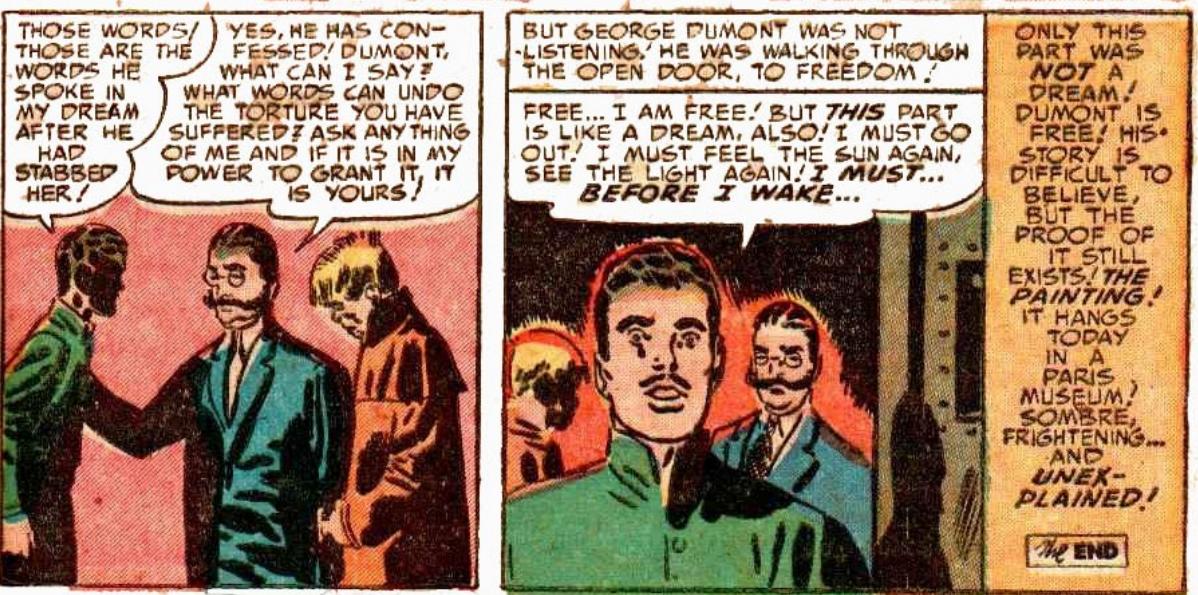
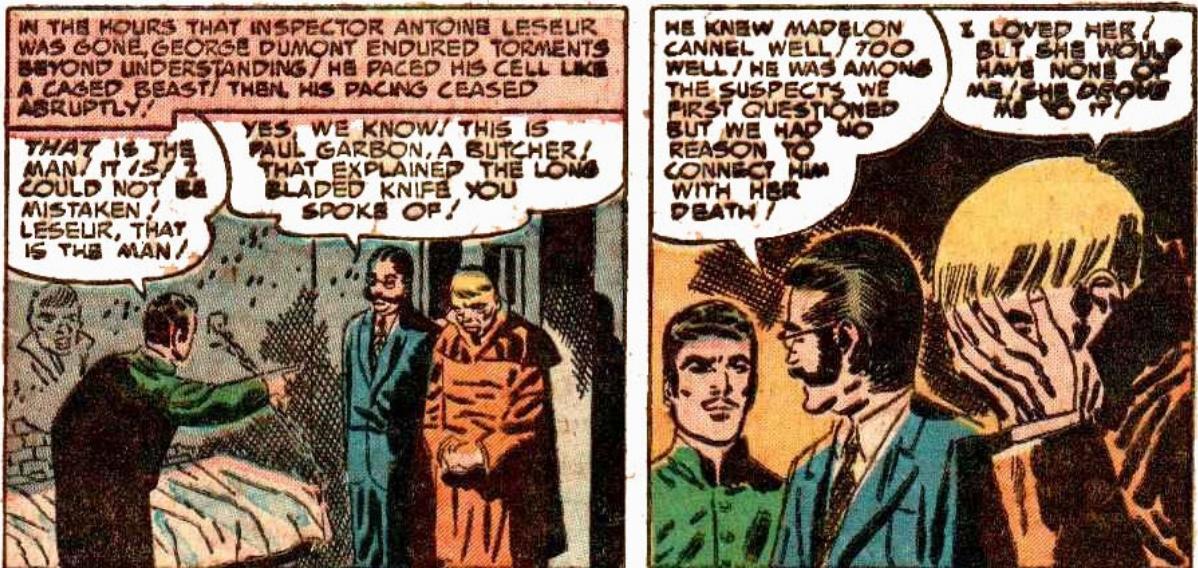
IT WAS INSPECTOR ANTOINE LESCOUR WHO TRANSPORTED DUMONT TO THE LAZAR, WHO LEFT HIM IN A BLEAK CELL HEWN FROM SOLID ROCK UNDER THAT ANCIENT FORBIDDING STRUCTURE!

YOU WILL NOT BE COMFORTABLE, DUMONT, BUT THEN YOUR STAY WILL NOT BE LONG... AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO AMUSE YOURSELF! SEE, THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS BEFORE YOU! ALL ARTISTS!

YOU MOCK ME! HAVE I NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH? WHY DO YOU WISH TO TORMENT ME? WHY DO YOU DESPISE ME SO?

I DO NOT WISH TO TORMENT YOU! BUT... DESPISE YOU! MADELON CANTEL WAS ONLY A POOR MIDINETTE, BUT SHE WAS A LIVING CREATURE! I WOULD DESPISE ANY MAN WHO KILLED HER! ADIEU, DUMONT... AND... PLEASANT DREAMS!





THOSE WORDS!
THOSE ARE THE WORDS HE SPOKE IN MY DREAM AFTER HE HAD STABBED HER!

YES, HE HAS CONFESSED! DUMONT, WHAT CAN I SAY?
WHAT WORDS CAN UNDO THE TORTURE YOU HAVE SUFFERED? ASK ANYTHING OF ME AND IF IT IS IN MY POWER TO GRANT IT, IT IS YOURS!

BUT GEORGE DUMONT WAS NOT LISTENING. HE WAS WALKING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, TO FREEDOM!

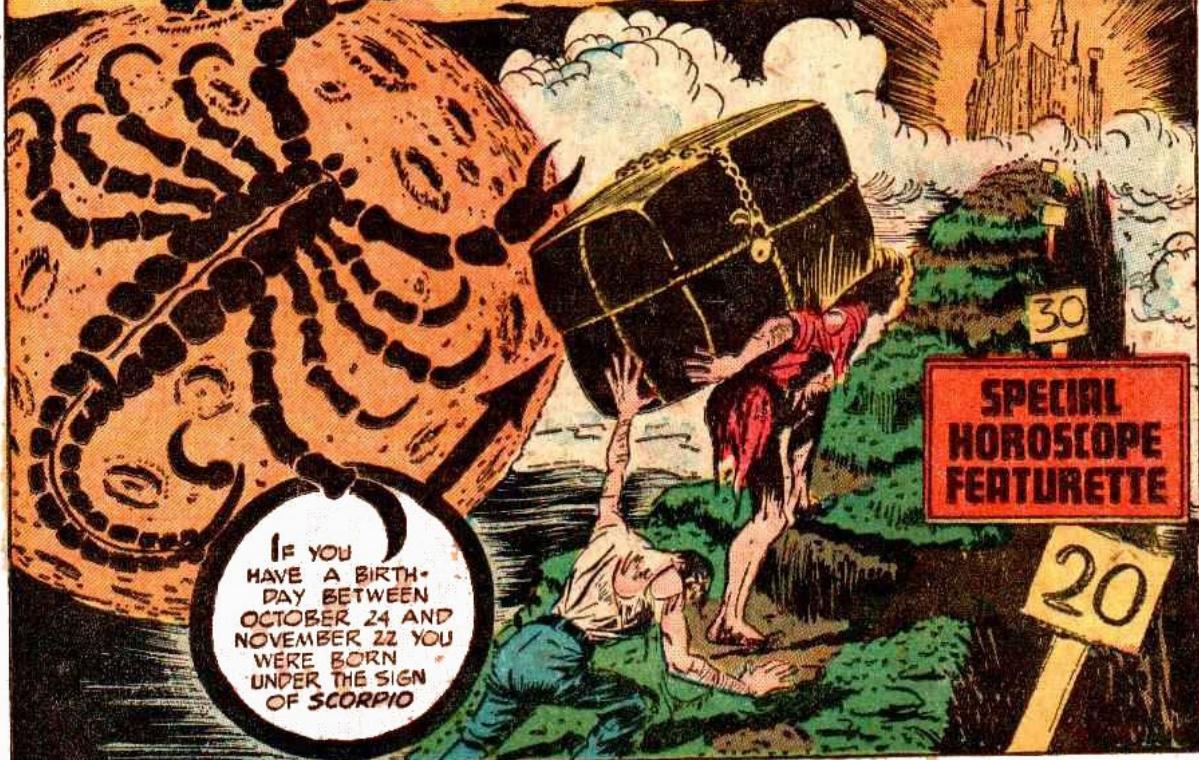
FREE... I AM FREE! BUT THIS PART IS LIKE A DREAM, ALSO! I MUST GO OUT! I MUST FEEL THE SUN AGAIN, SEE THE LIGHT AGAIN! I MUST... BEFORE I WAKE...

ONLY THIS PART WAS NOT A DREAM!
DUMONT IS FREE! HIS STORY IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, BUT THE PROOF OF IT STILL EXISTS! THE PAINTING!
IT HANGS TODAY IN A PARIS MUSEUM.
SOMBRE, FRIGHTENING... AND UNEXPLAINED!

The END

Everybody knows the effects of the moon on people--The moon can influence romance--and any one of a hundred things. But let's make it personal. What about--

The MOON AND YOU!



IF YOU HAVE A BIRTHDAY BETWEEN OCTOBER 24 AND NOVEMBER 22 YOU WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF SCORPIO

LET'S SUPPOSE YOUR ZODIACAL SIGN IS SCORPIO... THEN, ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY, YOU ARE SELF-WILLED, TYRANNICAL -- BUT CLEVER, SUCCESSFUL! THEN LET'S SUPPOSE THE MOON WAS IN CONJUNCTION WITH SCORPIO WHEN YOU WERE BORN -- AS IT WAS WHEN RALPH FRAME WAS BORN!

RALPH, WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! IT'S FOOLISH TO BUY OUT THE ACME PLANT NOW! THE PLACE IS WORTHLESS!

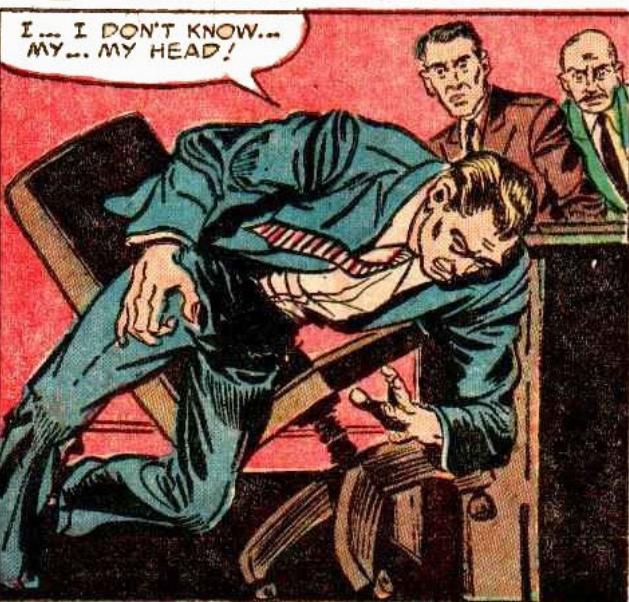
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY IT! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WHEN WE GET IT RUNNING EFFICIENTLY!

JUST LIKE THAT! RALPH, I'VE ALWAYS DEFERRED TO YOUR JUDGEMENT BUT THIS TIME - NO!

WE'LL DO THINGS MY WAY OR NOT AT ALL! I WON'T ARGUE, DOUG. MY MIND IS MADE UP!

YOU'RE MY PARTNER, DOUG -- A RICH MAN. THANKS TO ME! I'M WILLING TO DRIVE AHEAD TO DO THINGS TOO BIG! BIG! I'M NOT STOPPING NOW! YOU WORK LIKE A DRAUGHT HORSE.. YOU WORK TOO HARD, PLAY TOO HARD AND EAT TOO MUCH!







IT'S MY FAULT, DOUG! I'M REALLY SORRY! BUT THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'LL SEE!

IT WOULD BE NICE TO SAY THAT THINGS WERE DIFFERENT AFTER RALPH FRAME WAS UP AND AROUND AGAIN... BUT --

RALPH! IF YOU'D ONLY LISTEN! LISTEN, LISTEN, DOUG, ONCE AND FOR ALL! I'M RIGHT! I KNOW THAT EVEN IF YOU DON'T! WE DO IT MY WAY OR NOT AT ALL!



THE SCORPIO ALWAYS REPENTS WHEN HE'S FRIGHTENED! BUT HE FORGETS, BECAUSE THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON DRIVES HIM ON! EVERYTHING MUST BE BIG, BIGGER! IF YOU'RE A CHILD OF SCORPIO, TAKE A LOOK AT RALPH FRAME AND ASK YOURSELF IF SUCCESS IS WORTH THAT...

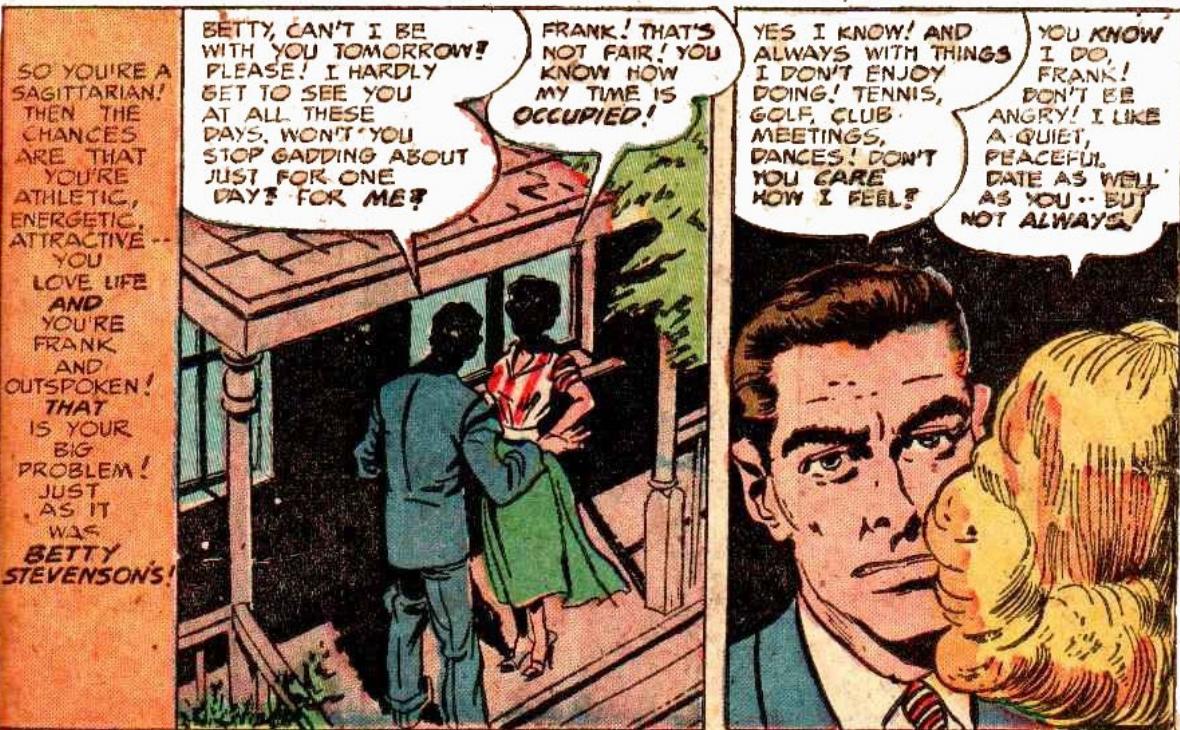


For those of you who believe in astrology, Here is an analysis for you! For those who do not believe-- You'll find our thumbnail story amusing. Either way-- There's

ROMANCE IN THE STARS



SPECIAL
HOROSCOPE
FEATURETTE





BUT THE NOVELTY WORE OFF! THE SAGITTARIAN ENJOYS NEW SENSATIONS, NEW SITUATIONS. YES... AS BETTY DID! BUT THEN THE NEWNESS DULLS... AND ONLY THE PAIN REMAINS!

IF ONLY HE'D CALL! IF... IF ONLY HE'D CALL...



BUT FRANK DID NOT CALL! FRANK WAS A PISCLEAN... HE HAD BEEN BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF PISCES, THE FISHES! AND THE PISCLEAN IS PROUD, STUBBORN! IF THERE WAS TO BE A RECONCILIATION IT WAS UP TO BETTY!

BETTY! I EXPECTED ANYONE BUT YOU! W-WHAT'S WRONG?

FRANK! DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH MY HEART! YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE! I COULDN'T STAY AWAY! I LOVE YOU!



I WANT TO BE WITH YOU JUST AS MUCH AS YOU WANT TO BE WITH ME. FRANK, TAKE ME BACK! I'LL TRY TO BE WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE!

I KNOW I'M TOO BLUNT IN THE THINGS I SAY! BECAUSE I TRY TO BE TRUTHFUL! BUT GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE!

BETTY! DON'T CHANGE! IF YOU WEREN'T SO HONEST... YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW! YOU WOULDN'T BE SAYING THESE THINGS!



JUST TRY TO SEE MY SIDE, HONEY! THERE'S A TIME FOR BEING BUSY AND A TIME FOR BEING QUIET! IF WE COMPROMISE WE'LL BE HAPPY! I KNOW WE WILL!

AND I KNOW IT TOO, FRANK! I'LL TRY! I PROMISE...



BETTY WILL TRY! BUT... SHE IS STILL A SAGITTARIAN! EVERY SO OFTEN SHE'LL EXPLORE! SHE'LL TELL THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT HURTS! IF FRANK IS WISE HE'LL OVER-LOOK IT! SAGITTARIANS ARE NICE PEOPLE!



ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*

SO MANY READERS HAVE
WRITTEN TO ME CONCERNING
THIS DREAM THAT IT
WOULD HARDLY BE
FAIR TO ANALYZE IT
FOR ANY ONE PERSON...
IS THIS PICTURE
FAMILIAR TO YOU?



YOU STAND IN A PEACEFUL FOREST. THE
SUN'S RAYS SLANT DOWN LIKE BARS
OF GOLD AND YOU CAN ALMOST TOUCH
THE CLOUDS... YOU ARE HAPPY IN THIS
LOVELY SPOT. CONTENTED... YOU WALK,
DRINKING IT ALL IN...



THIS IS EDEN! IT MUST BE! YOU
GO WHEREVER YOUR FANCY
LEADS YOU--DEEPER AND
DEEPER, INTO AN ENCHANTED
WORLD! YOU ARE CONTENT
MERELY TO WANDER, UNTIL...



WHY--IT'S A TEN DOLLAR
BILL! AND THERE ARE
OTHERS! LOTS OF
THEM!



THERE'S
NO END TO
IT! NO
MATTER
HOW MANY
I PICK UP
THERE ARE
MORE!
HUNDREDS!
THOUSANDS!
I'M RICH!
RICH!



YOU FILL YOUR POCKETS, FOR-GETTING THE FLOWERS, THE BIRDS. HOURS PASS! BUT AT LAST THERE ARE NO MORE OF THE CRINKLING GREEN-BACKS!

BUT THIS...ISN'T THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST? I...I'M LOST...AND IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!



IN A MOMENT THE AIR IS HIDEOUS WITH THE DIN OF THUNDER! RAIN! THE TREES ARE NO LONGER BEAUTIFUL! THEY ARE SOMEHOW EVIL, GRASPING!



IF I CAN ONLY FIND MY WAY TO A PLACE OF SHELTER! WITH ALL THIS MONEY, I COULD HAVE EVERYTHING!



A HOUSE! I'LL BE SAFE THERE! I'LL BE ABLE TO COUNT IT!



THE HOUSE IS UNOCCUPIED! YOU GO IN, EMPTY YOUR POCKETS OF THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO! YOU PULL OUT FISTS FULL OF TEN DOLLAR BILLS! BUT AS YOU PLACE THEM ON THE TABLE, THEY CHANGE!



BUT...IT IS! AND HERE IS THE MOST UNIVERSAL OF ALL MAN'S TROUBLES...THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR SECURITY! ALL OF US SECRETLY WISH WE COULD FIND SOME ENCHANTED SPOT WHERE MONEY IS TO BE HAD FOR THE TAKING!

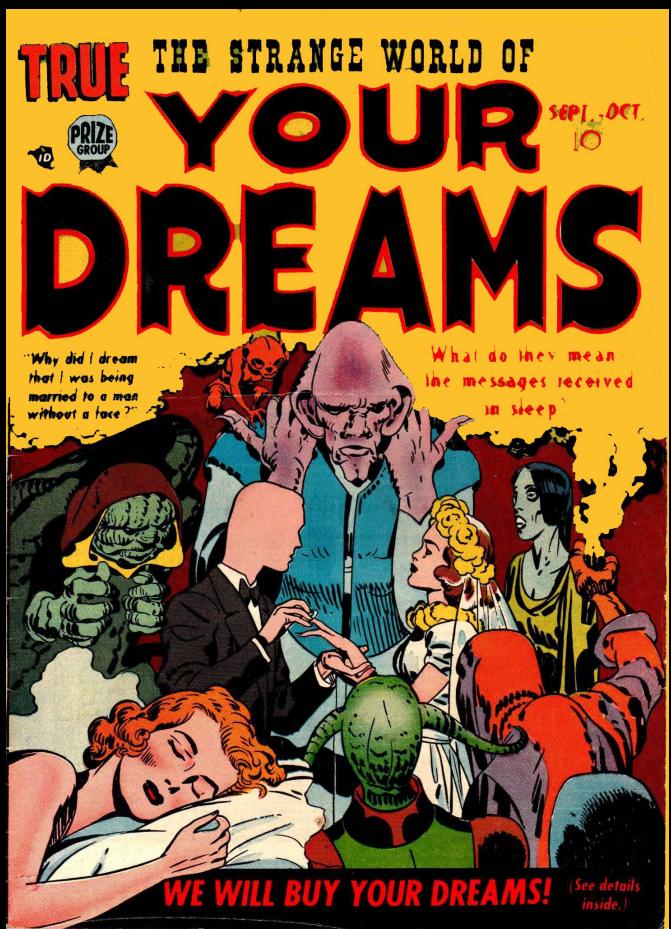
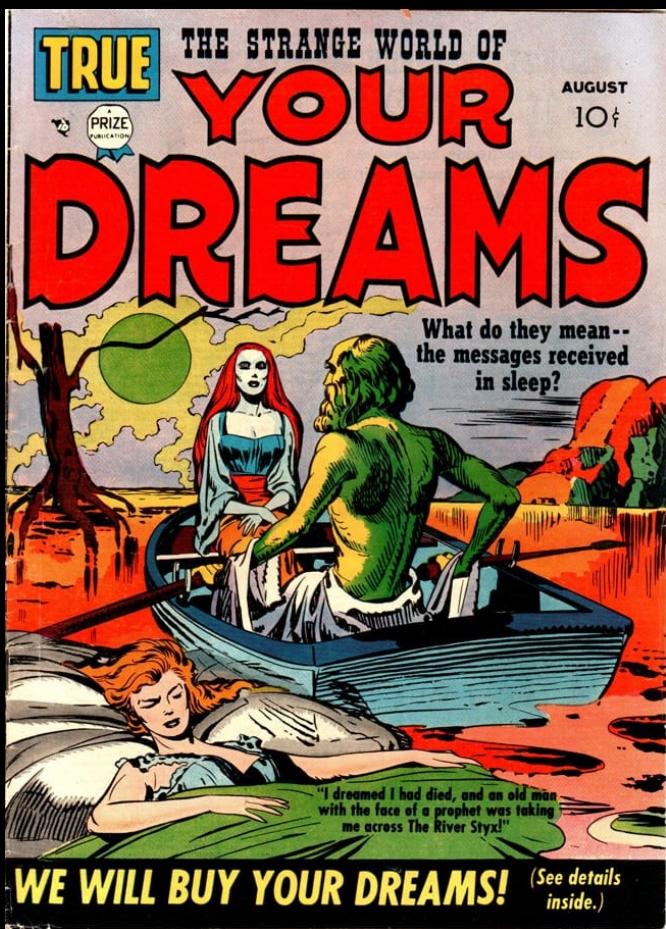


BUT WE KNOW, TOO, THAT SUCH A DREAM IS JUST... A DREAM! THUS, IN OUR DREAMS, WE FIND SECURITY...AND LOSE IT AGAIN! SO DREAM IF YOU MUST! BUT REMEMBER THIS: THERE IS A PATH TO WEALTH AND SUCCESS; IT IS A LONG PATH, PAVED WITH HARD WORK...NOT DREAMS!



The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to

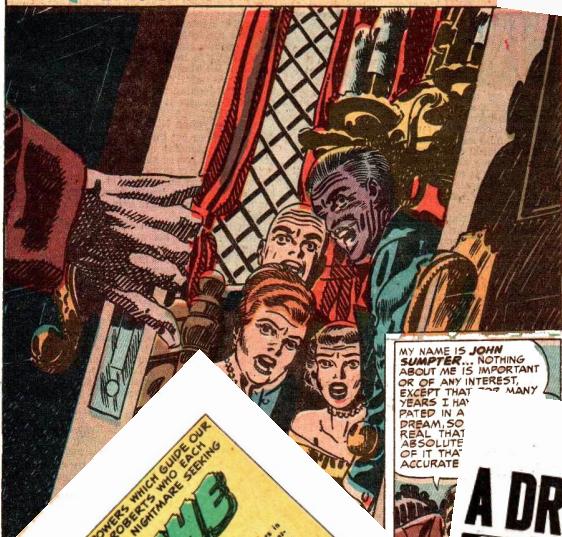
that individual's situation--a similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.





IN ONE OF THE BOOKS IN MY TOWER ROOM THERE IS TOLD THE STORY OF A CHINESE EMPEROR WHO DREW INSANE BECAUSE HE ONCE DREAMED THAT HE WAS A BUTTERFLY AND COULD NOT DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS A BUTTERFLY DREAMING HE WAS THE EMPEROR OF CHINA OR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA DREAMING HE WAS A BUTTERFLY... I HAVE MY OWN DREAMS, OWN TANGLED SKIN OF REALITY AND UNREALITY, FOR I DWELL IN...

The DREAMING TOWER



A DREAMS.

